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BOCCACCIO;

— OR, —

THE PRINCE OF PALERMO,

COMIC OPERA IN THREE ACTS,

LIBRARY
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UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO
978313
M
1503
S959B62

— BY —

FRANZ VON SUPPÉ,

WITH ENGLISH TRANSLATION AND ADAPTATION BY

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO
14,397
14/5/64
EDWARD JOHNSON
MUSIC LIBRARY

DEXTER SMITH.

BOSTON:
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ARGUMENT.

PIETRO, the Prince of Palermo, goes to Florence, in accordance with the wishes of his father, to marry FIAMETTA, the daughter of the DUKE OF TUSCANY. FIAMETTA, when a child, had been adopted by LAMBERTUCCIO, a Grocer, who was not aware of her noble birth. The DUKE had caused her to be reared in this humble manner, for reasons of his own, intending to wed her to PIETRO, to whom she had been in infancy betrothed. Upon PIETRO's arrival in Florence, before presenting himself to the DUKE and FIAMETTA, he joins in several adventures with the Students. BOCCACCIO, the novelist and poet, who is hated by the men of Florence for having ridiculed them in his novels, is deeply in love with FIAMETTA. PIETRO is mistaken for BOCCACCIO, and is severely beaten by the indignant Florentines. As PIETRO is about to be solemnly betrothed to FIAMETTA, for considerations of state (although he does not love her, and she dislikes him), BOCCACCIO, knowing that his affection for her is reciprocated, arranges a play which illustrates the follies of PIETRO so strongly, that the latter surrenders the hand of FIAMETTA to BOCCACCIO.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

BOCCACCIO, a Novelist and Poet.
LEONETTO, his friend, a Student.
PIETRO, Prince of Palermo.
LOTTERINGHI, a Cooper.
LAMBERTUCCIO, a Grocer.
SCALZA, a Barber.
FIAMETTA, Lambertuccio's adopted daughter.
BEATRICE, Scalza's daughter.
ISABELLA, Lotteringhi's wife.
PERONELLA, Lambertuccio's sister.
CHECCO, a Beggar.
FRATELLI, a Bookseller.
FRESCO, the Cooper's apprentice.
THE UNKNOWN.
LO CASCIO, Major Domo of the Duke.
ALBERTO, RICCIARDO, GERBINO, FEODORO, GUIDOTTO, NOSTOGIO, — Lotteringhi's Journeymen.
TOFANO, CHICHIBIO, GUIDO, CISTI, FEDERICO, GIOTTO, RINIERI, LANTO, — Florentine Students.
CHIACOMETTO, ANSELMO, TITO, — Beggars.
FILIPPA, ORETTA, VIOLANTA, — Lambertuccio's Servants.
DONNA JANCOFIERE.
ELIZA, Donna Jancofiere's daughter.
MARIETTA, a Citizen's daughter.
DONNA PULCI.
AUGUSTINA, ELENA, ANGELICA, — Donna Pulci's Daughters.

CONTENTS.

ACT I.

1. Hear the Bells. (Introduction & Chorus.) 5
2. Buy the latest Novels 28
2a. I will follow thee. (Song.) 49
3. Wake from the Dreaming. (Trio.) . . 53
4. There is a jolly Student. (Song.) . . 75
5. To the House of Prayer. (Duet.) . . 81
6. Love is a tender flower. (Song.) . . 85
6a. From the House of Prayer. (March.) . 88
6b. Wine and Flirtation. (Song.) . . 89
7. A Poor, Blind Beggar. (Duet.) . . . 94
8. Finale 104

ACT II.

9. Introduction 138
9a. Always in Twos or in Threes. (Song.) 139
10. I'd be a Star. (Serenade.) 141
11. Coopers Song and Chorus 146
12. I have a welcome letter here. (Letter Trio.) 154
13. When a Novel's to be written . . . 168
14. When foolish questions you ask me. (Song.) 170
15. Auspicious Hour. (Finale to 2nd Act.) . 172

ACT III.

16. Introduction 212
16a. How pleasing his Novels 213
16b. Always in Twos or in Threes . . 216
17. I'm the Father of a Princess. (Song.) . 217
18. Language of Love. (Duet.) . . . 219
19. You tho'tless, blind and silly men . . 227
20. Wit, Truth and Humor 242

BOCCACCIO.

English Libretto by DEXTER SMITH. Music by FRANZ von SUPPE.

Allegro Moderato. M.M. ♩ = 116.

PRELUDIO.

f *cres.* *ff* *sfz* *cres.* *sfz* *cres. assai.* *fff*

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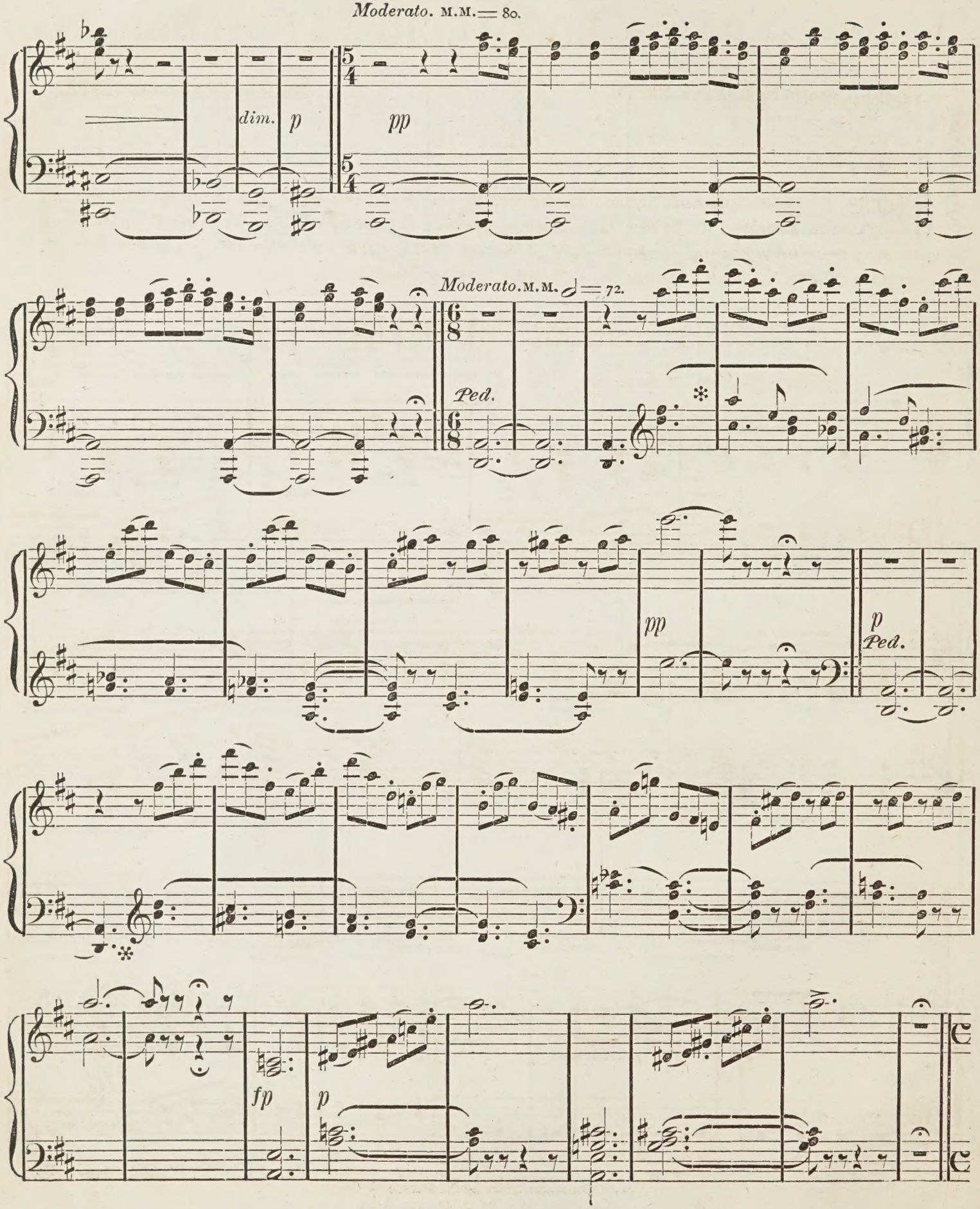

Moderato. M.M. = 80.
dim.
p
pp
Moderato. M.M. 𝅗𝅥 = 72.
Ped.
pp
p
Ped.
fp
p

BOCCACCIO.

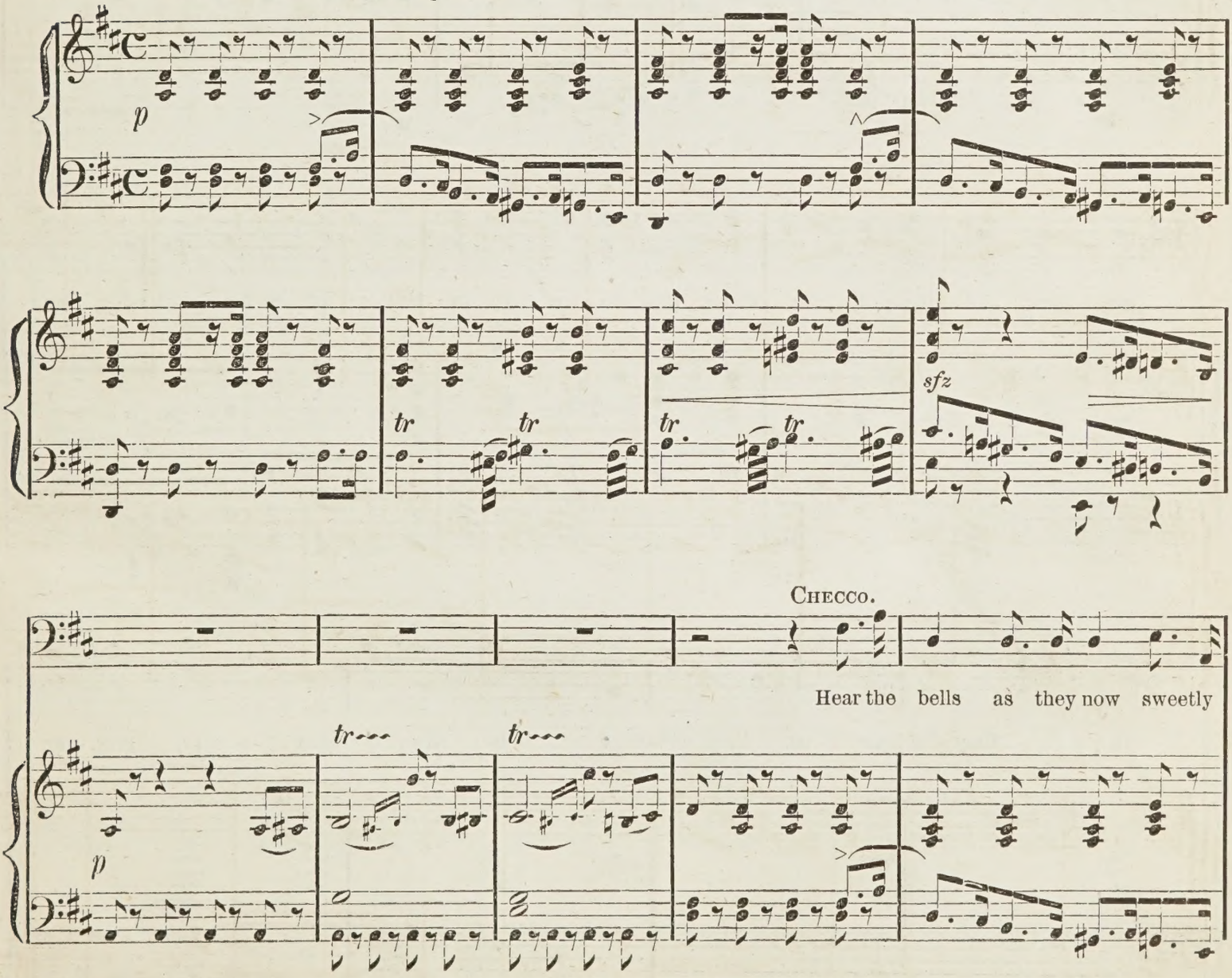
English Libretto by DEXTER SMITH. Music by FRANZ von SUPPE.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *Public Square in Florence. On the right, the church of Santa Maria Novella; on the left, house and shop of Scalza, a barber. At the back, in the center, a fountain. It is the 24th of June, St. John's Day; the houses are gaily decorated in honor of the patron Saint of the city. At the rise of the curtain, the scene is clear, with the exception of* CHECCO, ANSELMO, GIACOMETTO, TITO *and a few other beggars.*

HEAR THE BELLS.

Moderato Maestoso. M.M. ♩ = 88.



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ring, But no pleas - ure to our hearts they bring Young and

CHORUS.

TENORS.

BEGGARS. Sweetly ring, No joy bring,

BASSES.

old, poor, and those with gold, Come they to -day here in hon - or of St. John, our saint, come

tr *tr* *tr* *tr* *sfz*

they; They will hear us, they will cheer us; Give, O give us, give, we

p

pray; Mi - se - ri - cor - di - a. pie - ta, mo - ro - di Fa -

sfz *p*

-me! Mi - se - ri - cor - di - a, Mo - ro - di Fa - - - me! You, Anselmo, stand

BEGGARS. Mi - se - ri - cor - di - a, Mo - ro - di Fa - - - me!

there, Giacometto, you here, Tita, you may come now, And stand beside me

near, Quickly, you fellows la - zy, You must have all gone cra - zy! In place, right

p

Enter LEONETTO, *looking mysteriously around.*
Vivace. ♩ = 138.

face! Be bold, get gold!

LEONETTO.

Lone - ly now is my Bea - tri - ce;

pp

Where no fa - ther is be - side, Yet so care - ful - ly he guards her, she can -

- not become my bride. She ex - pects me here this morning, While her fa - ther is a -

LEONETTO. (*To students outside.*)

- way. While you're sing - ing,

SOPR.

La la la la la la la ra la la la la ra la la ra le ra la la la la la la

TENOR.

La la la la la la la ra la la la la la la le ra la la la la la la

BASS.

La la la la la la la ra la la la la la la le ra la la la la la la

Goes toward Scalza's house.

CHECCO.

Sing for me! Quickly now follow, O'er hill and hollow,

la ra la la la la ra la la ra la; Hasten!

la ra la la la la la la la; Hasten!

p

Quickly now follow, So follow now!

(*Enter GENERAL CHORUS.*)

SOPR.

Has - - ten, has - ten, fly,

TENOR.

Has - ten, has - ten, has - - ten, hasten

BASS.

Hast - - en, Hast - - - en,

cres.

now, hasten, run to the Fes-ti - val! Youth and age glad - ly meet, And of

now to the Fes - ti - val!..... Youth and age glad - ly meet, And of

to ..... the Fes - - ti - val!..... Youth and age glad - ly meet, And of

cres. *assai.* *ff*

brightest joys par - take, With sweet smiles each other greet, Our Florence, fair, awake, awake! Hail,

brightest joys par - take, With sweet smiles each other greet, Our Florence, fair, awake, awake! Hail,

brightest joys par - take, With sweet smiles each other greet, Our Florence, fair, awake, awake! Hail,

hail, hail, hail, Florence, ci - ty of our love, Hail, hail, hail, hail, Florence,

hail, hail, hail, Florence, ci - ty of our love, Hail, hail, hail, hail, Florence,

hail, hail, hail, Florence, ci - ty of our love, Hail, hail, hail, hail, Florence,

ci - ty of our love! La la la la la la la ra la la la la ra la la ra le ra la la

ci - ty of our love! La la la la la la la ra la la la la ra la la ra le ra la la

ci - ty of our love! La la la la la la la ra la la la la ra la la ra le ra la la

la la la la la ra la la la la ra la la ra la; Have no foes, drown your woes, On this

la la la la la ra la la la ra la ra la; Have no foes, drown your woes, On this

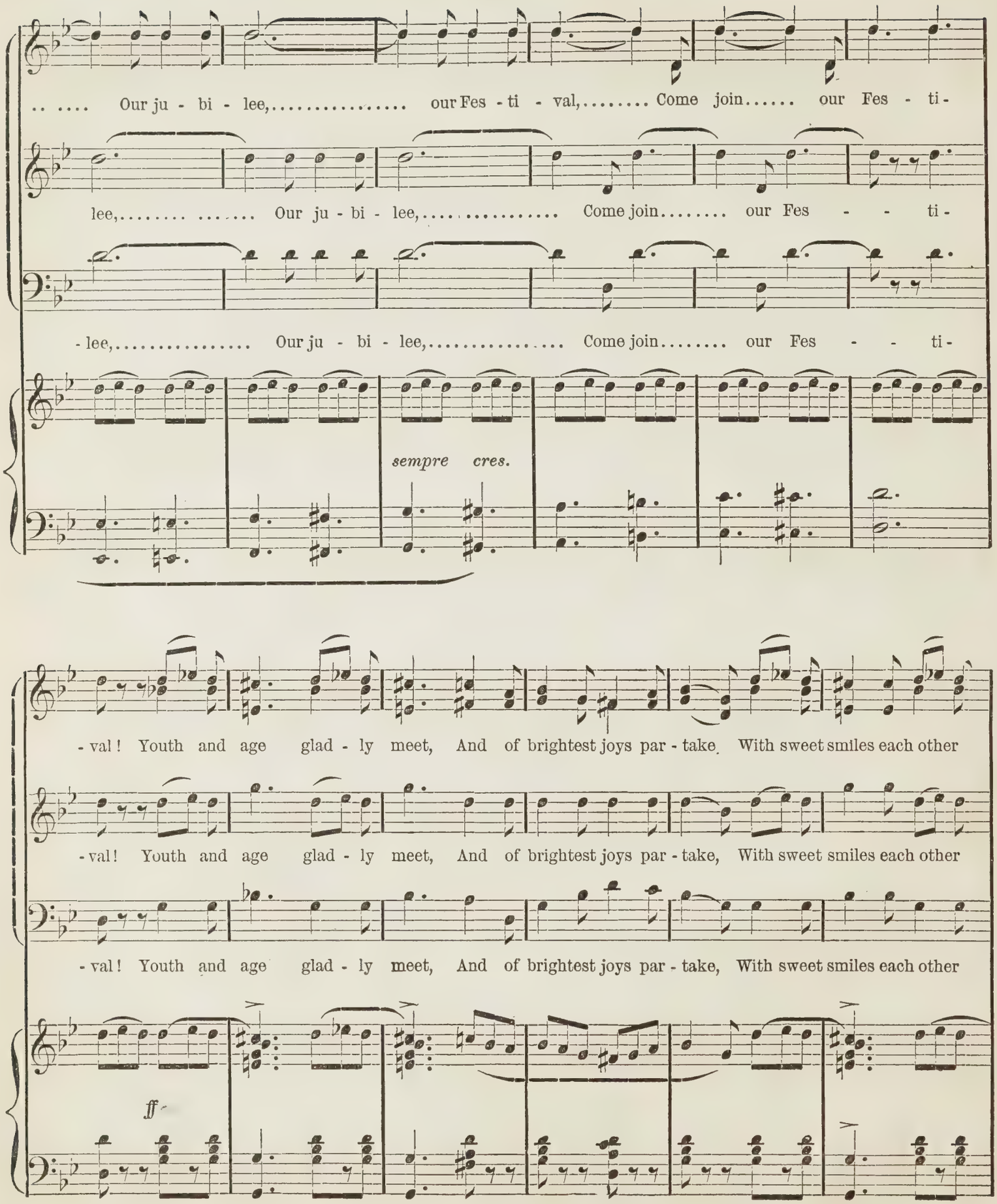
la la la la la ra la la la ra la ra la; Have no foes, drown your woes, On this

ff

hap - py fes - tal day, Drown your woes, Have no foes, On this hap - py fes - tal day! ....

hap - py fes - tal day, Drown your woes, Have no foes, On this hap - py fes - tal day, our ju - bi -

hap - py fes - tal day, Drown your woes, Have no foes, On this hap - py fes - tal day, our ju - bi -


.. .... Our ju - bi - lee,..... our Fes - ti - val,..... Come join..... our Fes - ti -
lee,..... ..... Our ju - bi - lee,..... Come join..... our Fes - - ti -
- lee,..... Our ju - bi - lee,..... Come join..... our Fes - - ti -
sempre cres.
- val! Youth and age glad - ly meet, And of brightest joys par - take. With sweet smiles each other
- val! Youth and age glad - ly meet, And of brightest joys par - take, With sweet smiles each other
- val! Youth and age glad - ly meet, And of brightest joys par - take, With sweet smiles each other
ff

greet, Our Florence, fair, awake, awake! Hail, hail, hail, hail, Florence, ci - ty of our

greet, Our Florence, fair, awake, awake! Hail, hail, hail, hail, Florence, ci - ty of our

greet, Our Florence, fair, awake, awake! Hail, hail, hail, hail, Florence, ci - ty of our

Piu vivo.

love, Hail, hail, hail, hail, Florence, ci - ty of our love! Bring ye buds and blushing

love, Hail, hail, hail, hail, Florence, ci - ty of our love! Bring ye buds and blushing

love, Hail, hail, hail, hail, Florence, ci - ty of our love! Bring ye buds and blushing

Piu vivo.

ff

flowr's, and hang up - on your lof - ty tow'rs; Maidens, wives and lads and men, To - day we'll children be a -

flow'rs, and hang up - on your lof - ty tow'rs; Maidens, wives and lads and men, To - day we'll children be a -

flow'rs, and hang up - on your lof - ty tow'rs; Maidens, wives and lads and men, To - day we'll children be a -

- gain, la la la la la ra, la la ra la la la ra la la ra, la la ra la, Come join us now, come join us

- gain, la la la la la ra, la la ra la la la ra la la ra, la la ra la, Come join us now, come join us

- gain, la la la la la ra, la la ra la la la ra la la ra, la la ra la, Come join us now, come join us

now in ju - bi - lee, in Fes - ti - val.....

now, in ju - bi - lee, in Fes - ti - val.....

now, in ju - bi - lee, in Fes - ti - val.....

ff

CHECCO.

Mi - - se - ri - cor - di - a..... pie - - - ta Mo - ro - di Fa - -

CHORUS. BEGGARS.

TENORS.

Mi - - se - ri - cor - di - a..... pie - - - ta Mo - ro - di Fa - -

BASSES.

Mi - - se - ri - cor - di - a..... pie - - - ta Mo - ro - di Fa - -

mf

Beggars' Chorus.

-me! pie-ta Mi-se-ri-cor-di-a, Pie-ta!

-me! pie-ta Mi-se-ri-cor-di-a, Pie-ta!

Other Chorus.

O-pen hearts and o-pen hands; Now knit the gold-en bands of

O-pen hearts and o-pen hands; Now knit the gold-en bands of

ff

Pie-ta!

Pie-ta!

friend-ship, Lo, they come,.... the stu-dents come, See!

friend-ship, Lo, they come,.... the stu-dents come, See!

Lo! they come, the stu - dents come, They come!

Lo! they come, the stu - dents come, They come!

Lo! they come, the stu - dents come, They come!

zf

Allegro Brillante.
M.M. ♩ = 76.

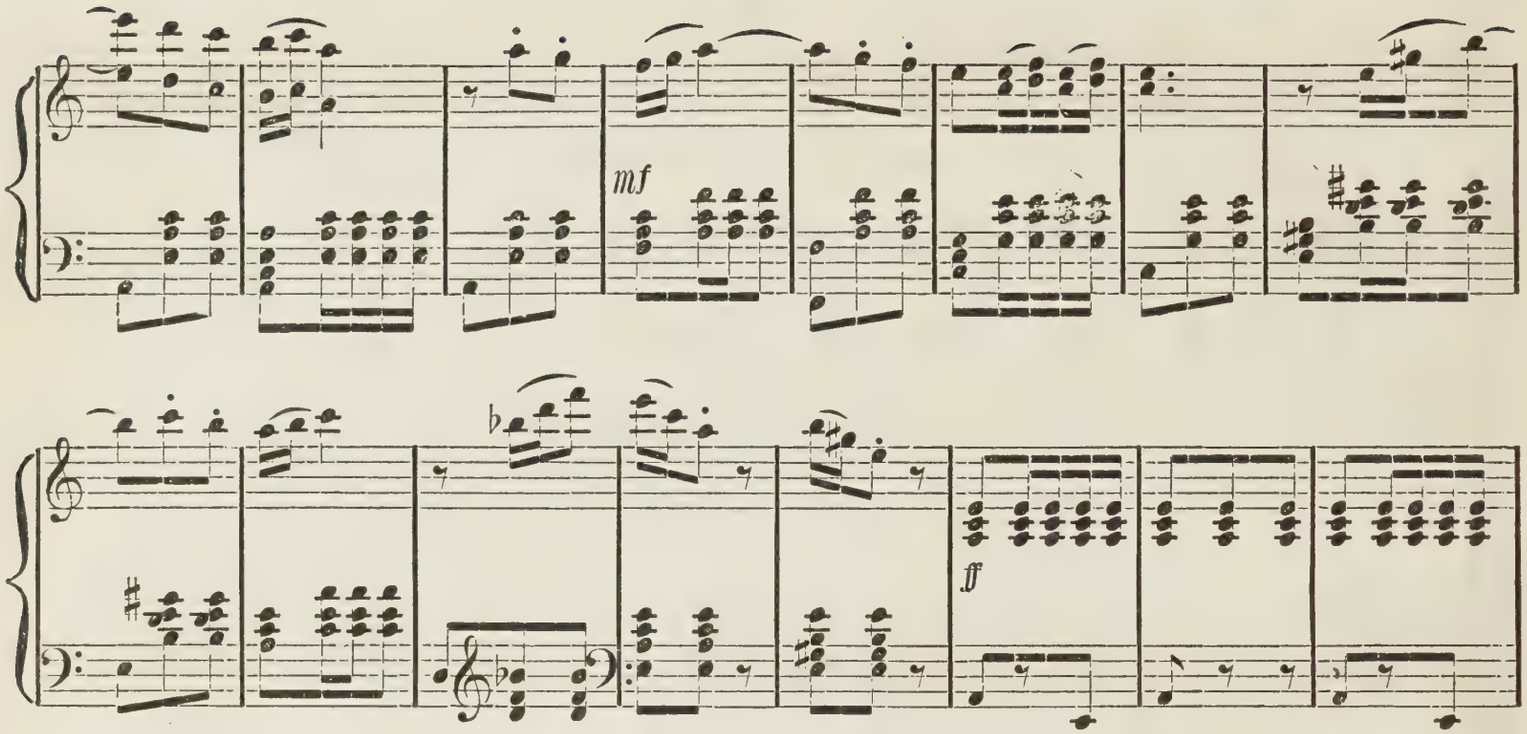
they come, Wel - - come to them!

they come, Wel - - come to them!

they come, Wel - - come to them!

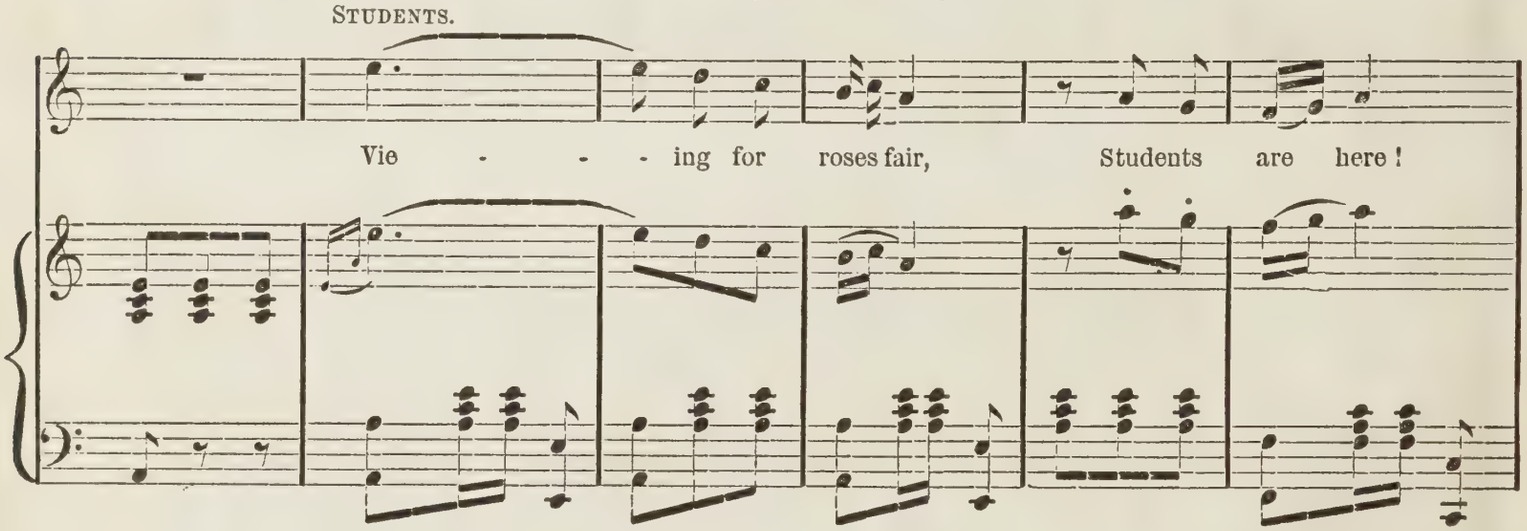
fz

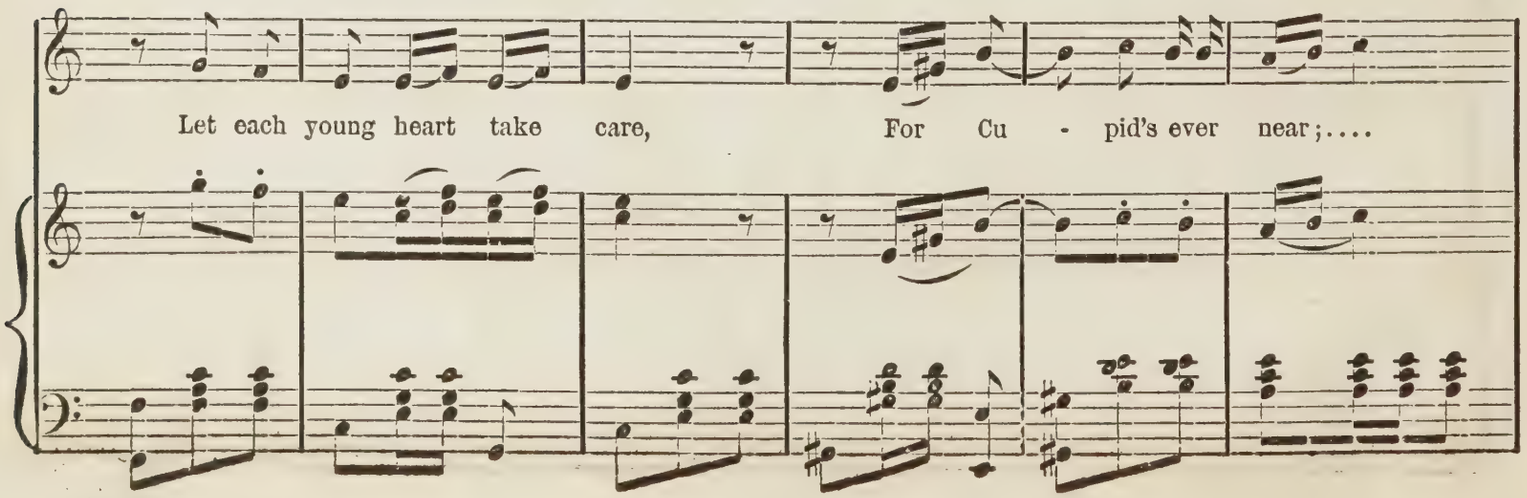
ff



(*Chorus Speak.*) Here come the students ! (*Enter students.*)

STUDENTS.





O what pleasure we have to - day! We'll sing the

f

songs..... .... of he - ro - ic age de - part-ed, We'll praise

p *f*

the bards,..... Who so bravely,..... grandly sung; We'll

weave a crown, ... For the men so li - on - hearted, From

f

such a race..... have all no - ble actions sprung, Have all

fp *p* *fp* *p*

no - ble actions sprung, Have all no - ble actions sprung.

ff

GENERAL CHORUS. (Students, Beggars etc.)

I - ta - lia, 'tis our na - tive land, We love it dearly, we love

CHORUS.

SOPR.

I - ta - lia, 'tis our na - tive land, We love it dearly, we love

TENOR.

I - ta - lia, 'tis our na - tive land, We love it dearly, we love

BASS.

it, We love its sun - ny skies so grand, We love our dear na - tive

it, We love its sun - ny skies so grand, We love our dear na - tive

it, We love its sun - ny skies so grand, We love our dear na - tive

STUDENTS.

1ST. 2D. *Tempo I. Vivace.*

land, na - tive land, I - land! Has - ten, join us,

land, na - tive land, I - land! Has - ten, join us,

CHECCO & BEGGARS.

land, na - tive land, I - land! Give us alms, give, we pray, On our

in ju - bi - lee; Let us dance, sing and play, On our Patron's na - tal day!

in ju - bi - lee; Let us dance, sing and play, On our Patron's na - tal day!

Pa-tron's na - tal day! Hasten, join us, Come quickly Has -

Has - - ten, hasten, has - - ten, join us, it is our ju- bi -

Has - - ten, hasten, has - - ten, join us, it is our ju- bi -

- ten, hasten, has - - - ten, join us in our great ju - bi - lee, ...

- ten, has - - - ten to our ju - bi - - lee! .....

crescendo.

- lee! Youth and age glad - ly meet, And of brightest joys par - take, With sweet smiles each other

- lee! Youth and age glad - ly meet, And of brightest joys par - take, With sweet smiles each other

..... Youth and age glad - ly meet, And of brightest joys par - take, With sweet smiles each other

ff

greet, Our Florence, fair, awake, awake! Hail, hail, hail, hail, Florence, ci - ty of our

greet, Our Florence, fair, awake, awake! Hail, hail, hail, hail, Florence, ci - ty of our

greet, Our Florence, fair, awake, awake! Hail, hail, hail, hail, Florence, ci - ty of our

Poco piu vivo.

love, Hail, hail, hail, hail, Florence, ci - ty of our love! Bring buds and blushing

love, Hail, hail, hail, hail, Florence, ci - ty of our love! Bring buds and blushing

love, Hail, hail, hail, hail, Florence, ci - ty of our love! Bring buds and blushing

Poco piu vivo.

ff

flowr's, and hang up - on your lof - ty tow'rs; Maidens, wives and lads and men, To - day we'll children be a -

flow'rs, and hang up - on your lof - ty tow'rs; Maidens, wives and lads and men, To - day we'll children be a -

flow'rs, and hang up - on your lof - ty tow'rs; Maidens, wives and lads and men, To - day we'll children be a -

-gain, la la ra la la ra, la la ra la la la ra la la ra, la la la la, Hasten, join us, come and join

-gain, la la ra la la ra, la la ra la la la ra la la ra, la la ra la, Hasten, join us, come and join

-gain, la la ra la la ra, la la ra la la la ra la la ra, la la ra la, Hasten, join us, come and join

us to-day we hold our Fes - ti - val.....

us to-day we hold our Fes - ti - val.....

us to-day we hold our Fes - ti - val.....

ff

(*Enter* FRATELLI, *bookseller, pushing a cart, filled with books. Three placards, on which are respectively inscribed the names, "Boccaccio," "Sachetti," and "Fiorentino," are on the cart.*)

No. 2.

BUY THE LATEST NOVELS!

Alla breve, ad libitum. M.M. 𝅗𝅥 = 96.

FRATELLI, (*entering.*)

Here are new nov - els! Buy the lat - est nov - els! New nov - els buy!

CHORUS.

SOPRANO.

TENOR.

BASS.

Nov -

a tempo.

pf

Ped.

ad libitum.

New nov - els, come, buy! Buy the lat - est nov - els!

New nov - els! Quickly come!

- els new! Quickly come! Quickly come!

ad libitum.

f

p colla voce.

✻ *Ped.* ✻

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ad libitum.

New nov - els, buy! In - ter - est - ing

Quick- ly come! Come here, and buy!

Quick - ly come! Come here, and see!

Quickly come!..... Come here, and..... see!

a tempo. *a tempo.*

pf *f* *fz colla voce.*

Ped. * *Ped.* *

a tempo.

stories; Will you buy these novels thrill- ing? New nov - els, come, buy sto - ries of kill - ing!

p *f* *p* *a tempo.*

(As FRATELLI *reaches the front centre of the stage, he steps upon his cart, and the people crowd around him.)*

(Holds up book after book, as he sings.) Read! be as- tonished! Come, and buy quick- ly!

Buy his new nov - els, Come, buy new nov- els!

See his new nov - els! Here are new nov- els!

f *p* *ff*

Allegretto alla breve.

Books by Sa- chet- ti! Books by Ma - net - ti!

pp

Most in - structive, fine tales of fic - tion, come and buy! Books new and wit - ty!

ad libitum.

Best in the ci - ty! New books for your li - bra- ry buy! 'Tis the

What is the new book's name?

What is the new book's name?

f

a tempo.

"Mil- ler and the Monk!" By Fio-ren -ti - no, the famous

"The Mil- ler and the Monk!"

"The Mil- ler and the Monk!"

a tempo.

ff

au- thor! 'Tis a sto - ry most sure to please you, will you buy? Here is an - oth- er,

ad libitum.

Good as the oth- er; Come here, and my books quickly buy! 'Tis the

f

Tell us the ti - tle, then!

f

Tell us the ti - tle, then!

f

f

f

a tempo.

Friend of the Car - di - - nal!" But the best that I have

"The Friend of the Car - di - nal!"

"The Friend of the Car - di - nal!"

a tempo.

ff *p*

ad libitum.

prof- fered, Of the books that I have of - fered Here to - day was writ - ten by Gio- van - ni Boc-

sfz *a voce.*

- cac - cio! Much he has to tell you, neighbors, of ad - ven- tures here in

Boc - cac - cio, Boc- cac - - cio!

Boc- cac - cio, Boc- cac - - cio!

ff. a tempo. *p*

ad libitum.

Flor- ence; Sto - ries of the men you know, Oh, he does lash those fel - lows so! Come, now, buy his la - test

What's that? Hear him!

Stand back! Hear him!

sfz *p* *sfz colla voce.*

nov- els, "Spi-nel - loc-ci - a" and "Zep - pa!" Quickly, quickly come, and

In - ter - est - ing books, in - deed!

In - ter - est - ing books, in - deed!

a tempo.

pf *ff* *p colla voce.*

buy, Quick- ly, quick - ly come, and buy, For he tells of la - zy husbands, drunken husbands, here in

Flor - ence! Ah! no won - der men are

Nice, no doubt, and quite pi - quant!

Lies, all lies! No lies we want!

Lies, all lies! No lies we want!

sempre colla voce.

pf *ff* *p*

mad, to be told that they are bad; Let them rave and fume and fret, We'll be ev - en with them

yet! 'Tis no wonder that they rage! They are caught in their own

It is a falsehood! Bold and bad - mannered!

a tempo.

mf

cage! They are ve - ry mo- del men!

Ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha, It is no wonder that they

Oh, it is shameful! shame!

sempre cres.

ff

rave, For he tells how they mis - be - have!

Allegretto in carattere. M.M. 𝅗𝅥 = 66.

STUDENTS.

Ha ha ha!

Hear them shout in an - ger, now, ha ha ha! He has hit them well,

Oh, for shame!

Allegretto in carattere. M.M. 𝅗𝅥 = 66.

stentate.

Ha ha ha! Lots of fun!

surely! It is now for us to laugh! Ha ha ha! Still, we have to

Si - lence! We shall meet him, some - time,

stentate.

p

Mis - chief done! Ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha!

chaff, we have to chaff, Ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha! Good fun!

Some - where, and beat him! Yes, that is tru - ly so!

p

Truthful Boc - cac - cio! Our friend Boc - cac - cio! Writes, as his books show, truth, not ro-mance! Truthful

The mean scamp shall not mock us! No!

The scamp shall not mock us! No!

STUDENTS.

Pack off! Pack off! Be off! quick! ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha

man in - deed, is the great Boc - cac - cio. ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha

we won't stand that! Just

we won't stand that! Just

sfz

ha! This matter's most a- musing, sure, What men en - dure!

ha! He sure-ly will not heed such threats as yours are!

Wait! we shall meet him some - time, some - where, some - - - where! Hear our oath

mf *f*

'Tis ow- ing to Boc- cac- ci - o! How fun - ny! The men

He sure-ly will not mind such threats as yours are! But first you must

that we will kill him! The knave, we threaten him!.....

mf *f* *sfz*

are mad, Wo - men are glad, And it is fun - ny for

get him, Before you can beat him, He is not a - fraid of

..... We will kill him,..... We will kill him, Would we could mas - sa -

ff

us! Ha ha ha ha ha ha!

such fools as you, no, no, no, no, no. Ha ha ha ha ha ha! Ah! no!

- cre the wretch now! We will re - venge our - selves!

dimin.

p

Truthful Boc - cac - cio! Our friend Boc - cac - cio! Writes, as his books show, truth, not ro-mance! Truthful

No! we will not spare the ras - - cal!

STUDENTS.

Pack off! Pack off! Be off! quick! ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha

man in - deed, is the great Boc - cac - cio. ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha

He dies! he dies! Yes!

STUDENTS.

Vivace assai. M.M. 𝅗𝅥 = 138.

ha! 'Tis good e-nough! 'Tis good e-nough!

Our words believe, our rage beware!

ha! Not now! Block-heads! Dun-ces Be-lieve our words!

Keep si-lence! Ad-ders! Wild-cats! Wild-cats! Be-lieve our words!

ff

Believe our words! Be-ware our rage! Be qui-et, now, we've had e-nough of cry-ing, Let it quick-ly

Be-ware our nails! or you'll get the worst of it, Be-ware, be-ware our sharp nails, mind you

Be-ware our fists! or you'll get the worst of it, Be-ware, be-ware our strong blows, mind you

end! 'Tis good e-nough! 'Tis good e-nough!

Our words believe, our rage beware!

that! Not now! Block-heads! Dun-ces Be-lieve our words!

that! Silence now! Ad-ders! Wild-cats! Wild-cats! Be-lieve our words!

ff

Believe our words! Be-ware our rage! Be qui-et, now, we've had e-nough of cry-ing, Let it quick-ly

Be-ware our nails! Or you'll get the worst of it, Be-ware, be-ware our sharp nails, mind you

Be-ware our fists! Or you'll get the worst of it, Be-ware, be-ware our strong blows, mind you

end! This farce is much too trag - ic - al,..... So quick - ly

that!..... This farce is all..... too trag - ic - al,.....

that! This farce is all..... too trag - ic - al,..... Would you have

end this fool - ish trou - - - ble, And let it per - ish as a

.... Would you have blood?..... Be - ware our wrath! ..... Come, if you

blood? ..... Be - ware our wrath!..... Come, if you dare!.....

bub - - - - ble! *Bra - vi!* *Bra - vi!* End it quickly!

dare!..... Come on, block-heads! Come on, block-heads!

..... Come on, ad - ders! Come on, wild-cats!

FRATELLI *has, during the quarrel between the men and women, withdrawn behind the scenes to the right, up stage. As he sings "New Novels," the full Chorus rush after him.*

FRATELLI. STUDENTS.

Here are new nov - els! Buy the lat - est novels! Hold the peace!

Spare him, we pray, use no harsh words! We

We'll pun - ish him, let him be - ware!

And make no noise!.....

read his books, And like them too, O, yes!.....

We'll burn his books, And we'll take his life!..... .....

ff

(*Exit* Fratelli, Students, Beggars *and* Full Chorus.)

LEONETTO.—Now that Beatrice's father is away, I am going to call upon her.

I WILL FOLLOW THEE.

No. 2 a. SONG. Leonetto.

Larghetto,

pp

I will .... fol - - low where thou....

lead'st me, O thou fond one, Wilt thou heed me!..... Thou art.....

queen of my heart,..... I'll fol - low; Say..... that we..... shall nev - - - er .....

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part. O be - loved one! Earth's bright - est treas - - ure! Thee have

ff *ff*

I loved with - - - out meas - - - ure; I will fol - - low thee with

pleas - - - - ure! Yes, I'll love thee for - ev - - - - - er! With great - est af - -

rit. *a tempo.*

- fec - tion I'll love, ... I'll.... fol - low blind - - ly, kind - - ly, If thou..... but.....

call; Yes, blindly, should'st thou call on me; Should'st thou call on me, Should'st thou but

accel.

(*Exit* LEONETTO *into* SCALZA'S *house.*)

call,..... Yes, blindly, kindly, should'st thou but call!

(*Enter* LOTTER. *and* LAMB. *carrying umbrellas.*)

LOTTER (*Angrily.*) To the gallows with Boccaccio! With his scandalous novels he will soon make our heretofore quiet Florence (*sneezes*) anything but pleasant for us!

LAMB. Too true! Your sneezing confirms it!

(*Enter* CHECCO, *leading a dog, around the neck of which is a placard on which is printed, conspicuously, the words: "I am blind!"*)

CHECCO. A poor blind man!

LAMB. (*Frightened.*) Oh, what shall I do?

LOTTER. What's the matter?

LAMB. Matter enough! Whenever you meet a blind man before mass, it is a sign of bad luck!

LOTTER. Rubbish!

LAMB. What's that you say? Rubbish? I tell you it is no nonsense! I have tested it. I would rather have given considerable money than to have had it happen to me. I'll bet my lottery ticket doesn't draw a prize now! I know the bugs will eat up all of my olives!

LOTTER. I can change your luck.

LAMB. You can? How?

LOTTER. Give this poor blind man some money. Be liberal!

LAMB. (*Dropping coin.*) Well?

(CHECCO *eagerly picks up money.*)

LAMB. How's this?

CHECCO. Signor, I am not blind! I can see as well as you can!

LOTTER. Oh!

LAMB. You vagabond! Why do you put that placard on your dog?

CHECCO. *Because the poor dog is blind!* Thank heaven, I'm not! Besides, they put the wrong tag on me. I'm deaf and dumb!

(*Exit* CHECCO. *As he runs off,* LOTTER *and* LAMB. *beat him with their umbrellas.*)

LAMB. You cheat! Still, I am glad he is *not* blind!

LOTTER. You are like an old woman! Stop drinking strong tea and confine yourself to lemonade. You see too many ghosts now!

LAMB. You are an unbeliever! I'll prove to you at twelve o'clock to-night that ghosts —

LOTTER. Oh, yes, you want darkness and mystery. You can't prove your stuff in bright daylight.

POPULACE. (*Outside*). Down with Boccaccio!

LAMB. A few nights ago, I dreamed that a big black bull came after me. The next day a real bull ran after me, and his big horns —

(*At this moment enter* SCALZA *carrying umbrella, who, not seeing* LOTTER. *and* LAMB. *runs against* LAMB., *who, in his fright, knocks* SCALZA *down, and then assists him to rise.*)

LOTTER. Down with Boccaccio!

SCALZA. Boccaccio, indeed! Yes! down with Boccaccio!

LOTTER. *and* LAMB. Oho!

SCALZA. Well, why do you knock me down when I am up and help me up when I am down? Does it amuse you? What? (*He recognizes them.*) Why, friends Lotteringhi and Lambertuccio, have you lost your wits? Good morning! (*They shake hands.*)

LOTTER. You have just returned from a journey, Signor Scalza?

SCALZA. Yes, I have been to Pisa, to bleed the mayor of that city. Beatrice, my daughter, does not expect me home until to-morrow (*points toward his house*) but when I was about to leave Pisa, I was permitted to join the suite of the Prince of Palermo, Prince Pietro, who was coming to Florence. So I gained a day!

LAMB. The suite of a Prince?

SCALZA. Yes, the Prince is here to visit the court of the Duke of Tuscany, in order to meet his affianced. (*Is about to enter his house.*)

LAMB What is that? His affianced? Our Duke has no daughter. He has three children, but they are sons.

SCALZA. Ah! But it is a great secret!

LAMB. *and* LOTTER. A secret? Well?

SCALZA. (*Confidentially.*) The youngest child of the Duke is a daughter, but she has not lived at the palace for some years. It was given out at the time of the birth of the princess, that the babe was a boy.

LOTTER. This is great news indeed!

LAMB. But is it true?

SCALZA. I had it from one of the Prince's suite.

LAMB. I wonder whom she can be?

LOTTER. This almost makes us forget that scoundrel, Boccaccio! You will join us, Signor Scalza?

SCALZA. Join who? What for?

LOTTER. We are going to revenge the insults Boccaccio has heaped upon us! We are going to kill him!

LAMB. You'd better wait till you have caught him!

SCALZA. Hear me! Don't be so boisterous! Don't shed any blood! Banish him! Let's go at once to the mayor and demand Boccaccio's banishment.

LAMB. I agree to that!

LOTTER. Then you will go without me. I do not believe in any such childish punishment. I want him killed right here, and now! I'll kill him myself —

SCALZA. My friend! Remember your dignity, your position You are a merchant cooper; I am at the head of a tonsorial palace. We must not join in brutal street rows!

LAMB. Peace, my friends! Lotteringhi, you had better accept the banishment.

SCALZA. That will suit us all, I think. For my part, I know that my daughter Beatrice never flirts with students, so Boccaccio cannot write about her in his novels. She is very circumspect.

LAMB. And my sister, Peronella, is a model of propriety. She is no subject for Boccaccio's pen.

LOTTER. And as for my wife, Isabella, the whole city knows that she never even looks at any gentleman but myself.

SCALZA. That is true! (*Calls to his daughter.*) Beatrice!

LEONETTO. (*From* SCALZA'S *house.*) Good heavens! Her father!

LAMB. We won't mind what Boccaccio writes!

SCALZA. Good by, friends! (*Calls.*) Beatrice?

BEATRICE. (*Aside.*) Is it possible? 'Tis my father.

BOCC. Your father? What is to be done?

BEATRICE. I will tell you what to do.

LOTTER. I believe Boccaccio should be whipped in the public square before he is banished!

LAMB. (*To* LOTTER.) Don't say a word to Scalza. *I* believe in that. Boccaccio ought to receive *some* lashes. (LAMB. *and* LOTTER. *start to go.*)

SCALZA. (*Tries door of his house.*) The door is locked. My daughter is asleep! I will awake her by singing a song. (*Calls after* LAMB. *and* LOTTER.) Will you join me?

LOTTER. *and* LAMB. (*Coming back.*) With pleasure!

(SCALZA, LOTTER. *and* LAMB. *while singing, hold their umbrellas as if they were guitars, and pretend to play upon them.*)

SERENADE: WAKE FROM THY DREAMING.

No. 3. TRIO. Lotteringhi, Lambertuccio and Scalza.

Allegretto scherzoso.

LOTTER.

From thy

Allegretto scherzoso. M.M. ♩ = 66.

mf

LAMBERT.

dreaming, waken, sweet maiden, Hear my song that with fond love is laden. 'Tis thy father, ear- ly re-

p

LOTTER.

LAMBERT.

-turning, With deep love for his dear child yearning! Hear my song, firu-liru-li firu-liru - le - ra, Come out

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LOTTER. LAMB. ALL.

strong, firu-liru - li fi -ru-li-ru - le - ra, Hear my song, fi- ru-li-ru - li, Let us sing, fi- ru-li- ru - la, Let us

poco rallent. LOTTER.

sing till the ech - oes ring!..... Dearest

BEATRICE. (*from* SCALZA'S *house.*) Father! SCALZA. What is that noise? LAMB. Infernal cats!

colla voce. *a tempo.*

LAMB.

maiden, rise from thy slumber, And list now to our sweet - est number. 'Tis thy father, ear- ly re-

p

LOTTER. LAMBERT.

-turning, With deep love for his dear child yearning! Hear my song, firu-liru-li firu-liru - le - ra, Come out

p

LOTTER. LAMB. ALL.

strong, firu-liru - li fi -ru-li-ru - le - ra, Hear my song, fi- ru-li-ru - li, Let us sing, fi- ru-li- ru - la, Let us

poco rallent.

sing till the ech - oes ring!.....

Allegro. BEATRICE. (*enters from* SCALZA'S *house.*)

Ah! help me, Ah! help me, woe is

(*Exit* LOTTER. *and* LAMB.

Allegro. M.M. ♩= 144.

fp

me! Ah! help me, Ah! help me, help me,

SCALZA. (*frightened.*)

That is Be - be - be - a - tri - ce! I am trembling, What is it?

(*Clashing of swords heard inside* SCALZA's *house.*)

p *fp*

quick! Come, help me! Come,

I must help her! She's in trou-ble! What's the mat - ter, dearest, say? What, my

p

help me, come, help me, at once!

child? What, my child? Hear me, now! What's the trou - ble, tell me.

f

stentate.

Father, for you I've been waiting, ea-ger-ly an - ti - ci-

dear one, what's the mat - ter? Tell me, quick!

p

colla voce.

a tempo.

-pating; I'm so glad you are re - turning, You're re - turn - ing just in time! I'll quick - ly

What's go - ing on?

a tempo.

sfz

rallentando assai.

tell you! I'll tell you ev -'ry-thing; You see I am so frightened, I can hardly

What dan- ger's here?

sfz

p

colla voce.

Allegretto Moderato. M.M. ♩ = 60.

speak! 'Twas a stranger who sought for shel-ter..... in our

p

(*Aside, crosses herself.*)

house from the blind - ing rain. (Ma - - don - - na, hear!) He was

fol - lowed by a rude fel- low, Who struck him down in pain! I nearly

Poco meno.

died, I fainted. O that cru - el cav - a - - lier!

sfz *pp* *colla voce.* *pp*

M.M. ♩= 54.

List'ning, in trem - bling, I was dis - sem - bling; I heard your lov - ing

voice, I did re - joice, Ah! Fa- ther, be - lieve me, You must not leave me, Had you not

affrettando.

come, Were you not here, my fa - ther, dear, I should have died with fear.

sfz *p* *affrettando.*

rallent. assai.

Ah! see, I am tear - ful, It is so fear - ful, O I might have been.....

colla voce.

pp rallent.

(*Throws her arms around her father's neck.*)

Andantino con moto. M.M. ♩= 92.

killed! He is so young, so graceful and so brave, O would that I his fair young life might

SCALZA.

You are frightened, my dear daugh - ter, Yet.... surely there can be no fear of slaugh - ter, Now you

p

save! Ah, yes! he is so young, and fair and brave, I would that I his bright young life might

must calm your fears, my own dear daugh- ter, For surely there can be no fear of slaugh - ter, So you

morendo.

save..... O 'twere pi - ty should he die!

poco rallent.

must dry your tears, my dearest daughter, you are my own darling child!.....

tr

pp

(*Clashing of swords again heard behind the scene.*)

Allegro.

SCALZA.

There they are! This way they're coming now!

Allegro. M.M. ♩ = 144.

pp

(*Enter* LEONETTO *and* BOCCACCIO *from* SCALZA'S *house, wearing masks, and fencing.*)

BOC.

Now, I will have your life!

LEON.

I soon will end this strife. Now, villain, you must

How dreadful! They're fighting! 'Tis mur - der! He's

pp

BEATRICE.

ff

Pi - - - - ty! Spare

You must de - fend your life, So take your place! And mind your

die! So take your place! And mind your

smiting! O Heav'n! It is so fright - ful, is it not?

f

him! Pi - - - ty! Spare him!

face! So keep your place! Right face!

face! So keep your place! Right face!

It is a ve - ry cru - el thing! Some one a stop to this must bring!

(*aside.*)

Both are playing ve - ry well!

Now, then, just mind and pay at - tention!

Now, then, just mind and pay at - tention!

O! this danger who'll a - vert?

p

dimin.

B. *Allegretto grazioso.*

Die, now, you ras - cal! You are a vil - lain! Take that, you

L.

Be care - ful now, young man! You must mind par - ry

S.

O! O! Now 'tis quite clear,

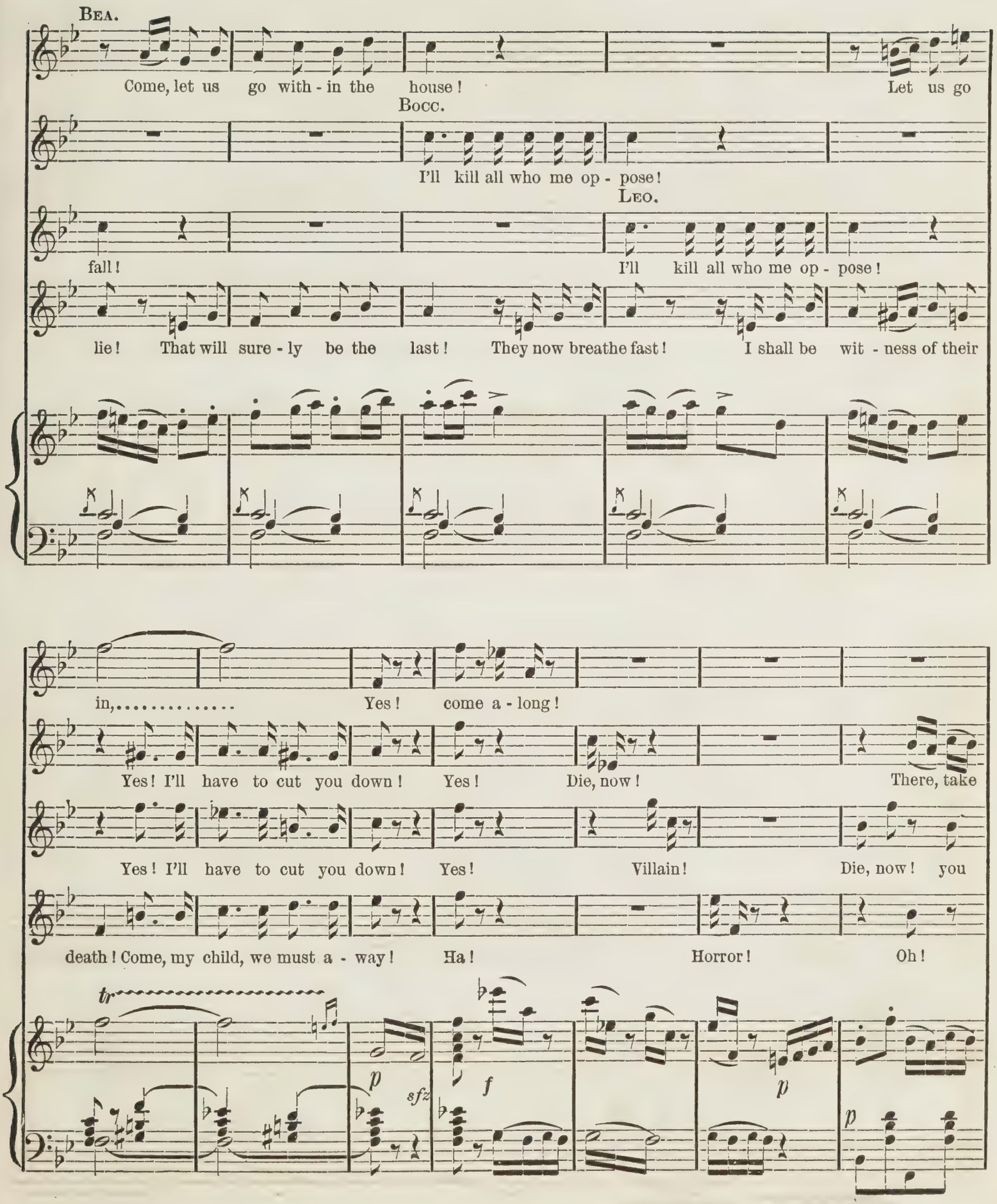
Allegretto grazioso. M.M. ♩ = 96.

pp

scoundrel! What do you mean? Such a scamp I've seldom seen!

now! I shall call! One of us must surely

Yes! I must in - ter - fere! Or they will die— on the ground


Bea.
Come, let us go with - in the house!
Let us go
Bocc.
I'll kill all who me op - pose!
Leo.
fall!
I'll kill all who me op - pose!
lie! That will sure - ly be the last! They now breathe fast! I shall be wit - ness of their
in,.....
Yes! come a - long!
Yes! I'll have to cut you down! Yes! Die, now!
There, take
Yes! I'll have to cut you down! Yes! Villain!
Die, now! you
death! Come, my child, we must a - way! Ha! Horror! Oh!
tr
p
sfz
f
p
p

(Enter two Students, who seeing the quarrel between Bocc. *and* Leon. *beckon to the other Students.)* *(Enter Students.)*

that, and that, sir! Take this blow, parry now! There, take that!

scoundrel! You are a scoundrel Die now, you ras- cal! What do you mean?

Oh! Ev' - ry blow strikes me! Spare me!

Students.

Here!

During the fighting of Bocc. *and* Leon., Scalza *has tried to separate them by opening his umbrella between them, and in doing so they have made several thrusts at him.*

(Enter Beggars and Chorus.)

You see! They are all mad!

Par - ry! Take care! Be - ware!

Par - ry! Take care! Be - ware!

You see! They are all mad!

(drawing swords and pairing off.)

Here's a fight, and wrong or right, We'll join in it with all our might, We'll join in it with

p

My fa - ther is a - fraid, I see! ah! Good joke!

Be on your guard; Take that, my man, and fall! Take care!

Be on your guard; Take that, my man, and fall! Take care!

I must ad - mit I am a - fraid! ah! E - nough!

all our might! Al - though we live or die, ha! We are rea - dy, now, ha! ha! just

fp

It is such fun! Our art - ful lit - tle ruse has

Par - ry! On guard! I'll soon dis - - arm you now, my

Par - ry! On guard! I'll soon dis - - arm you now, my

Enough! Enough! We've had e - - nough, now end it

now, ha! ha! just now; ha! ha! For a - ny - bo - dy's row! ha! ha! And we will show you

f

BOCCACCIO *and* LEONETTO *and* STUDENTS, *in pairs, fence.*

BEA.

won ! When all the bright swords are flash - ing in the morning light, When all the steel tongues are

BOCC.

man ! When all the bright swords are flash - ing in the morning light, When all the steel tongues are

LEO.

man ! When all the bright swords are flash - ing in the morning light, When all the steel tongues are

SCAL.

here ! Dreadful are the swords now flashing in the morning light, So I am go - ing from the

STU.

how ! When all the bright swords are flash - ing in the morning light, When all the steel tongues are

CHORUS.

Sopr.

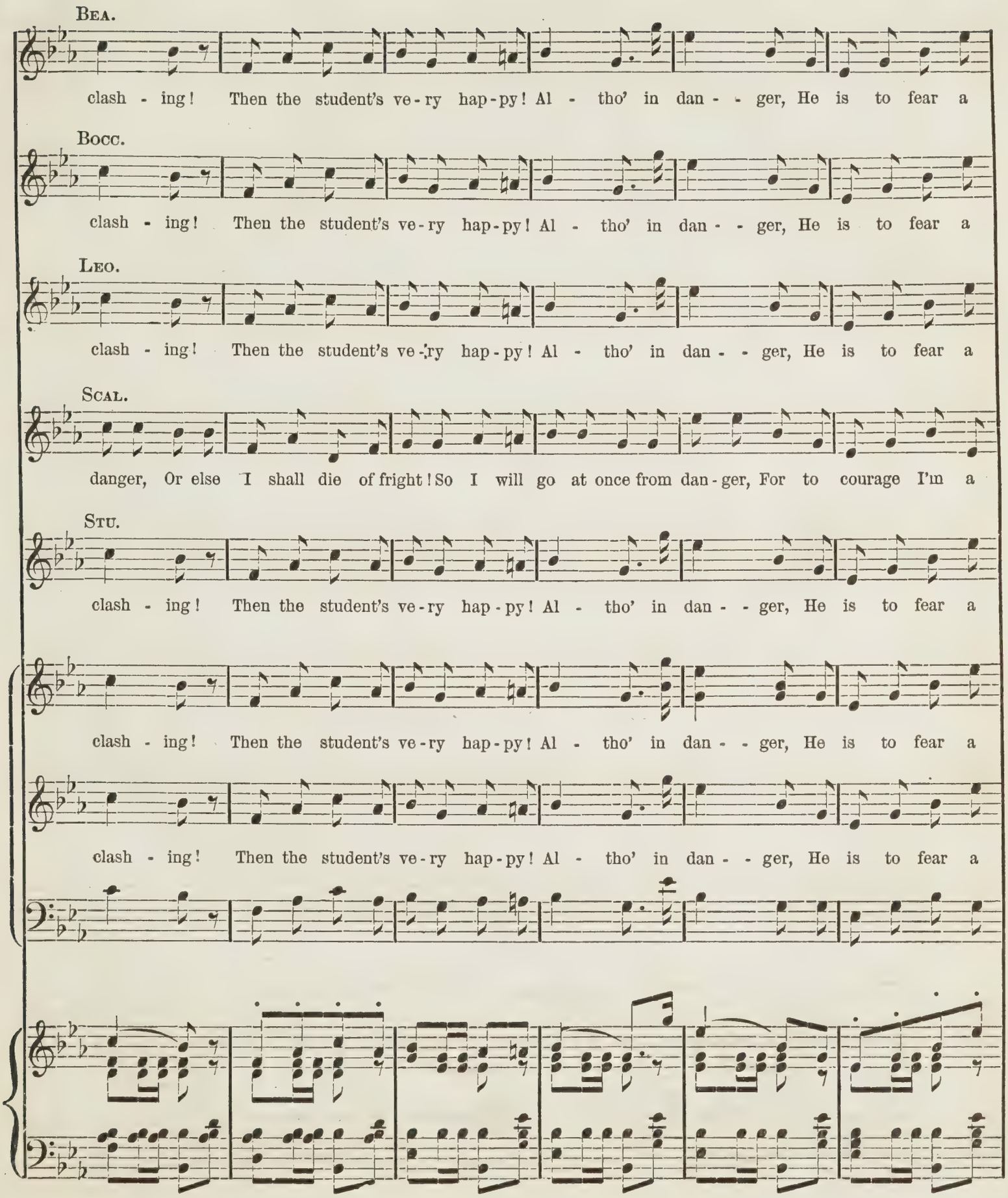
When all the bright swords are flash - ing in the morning light, When all the steel tongues are

Ten.

When all the bright swords are flash - ing in the morning light, When all the steel tongues are

Bass.

mf


Bea.
clash - ing! Then the student's ve-ry hap-py! Al - tho' in dan - - ger, He is to fear a
Bocc.
clash - ing! Then the student's ve-ry hap-py! Al - tho' in dan - - ger, He is to fear a
Leo.
clash - ing! Then the student's ve-ry hap-py! Al - tho' in dan - - ger, He is to fear a
Scal.
danger, Or else I shall die of fright! So I will go at once from dan-ger, For to courage I'm a
Stu.
clash - ing! Then the student's ve-ry hap-py! Al - tho' in dan - - ger, He is to fear a
clash - ing! Then the student's ve-ry hap-py! Al - tho' in dan - - ger, He is to fear a
clash - ing! Then the student's ve-ry hap-py! Al - tho' in dan - - ger, He is to fear a

Bea.

1st. 2d.

stranger! The mu - sic of the sword Is sweetest in the world to him! When all the him!

Bocc.

stranger! The mu - sic of the sword Is sweetest in the world to him! When all the him!

Leo.

stranger! The mu - sic of the sword Is sweetest in the world to him! When all the him!

Scal.

stranger! So I'm go - ing right a - way; I sure - ly can no longer stay! stay!

Students.

stranger! The mu - sic of the sword Is sweetest in the world to him! When all the him!

stranger! The mu - sic of the sword Is sweetest in the world to him! When all the him!

stranger! The mu - sic of the sword Is sweetest in the world to him! When all the him!

1st. 2d.

f

Piu mosso.

BEA.

Yes!..... yes!..... He now is trembling! Yes!..... yes!.....

BOCC.

Die, now, you rascal! You are a vil - lian! Take that, you scoundrel!

LEO.

There, take that, sir, and that! Take this blow, par - ry now! There, take

SCAL.

O! O! Now, 'tis quite clear, Yes,

STUDENTS.

Sopr. 1.

Die, now, you rascal! You are a vil - lain! Take that, you scoundrel!

Sopr. 2.

There, take that, sir, and that! Take the blow, par - ry now! There, take

Bright swords are flashing! Steel tongues are clashing! Flashing, and clashing!

Bright swords are flashing! Steel tongues are clashing! Flashing, and clashing!

Piu mosso.

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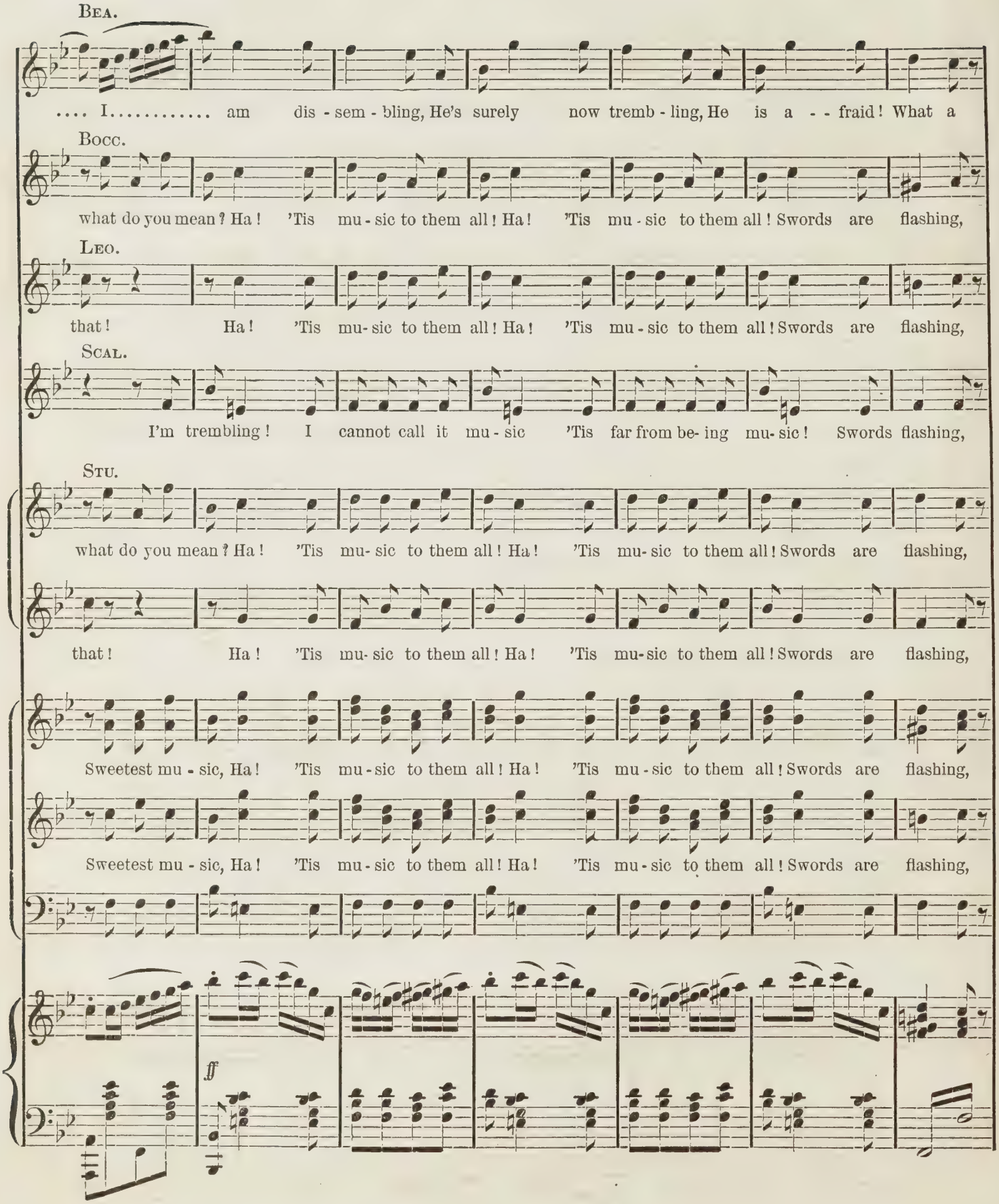
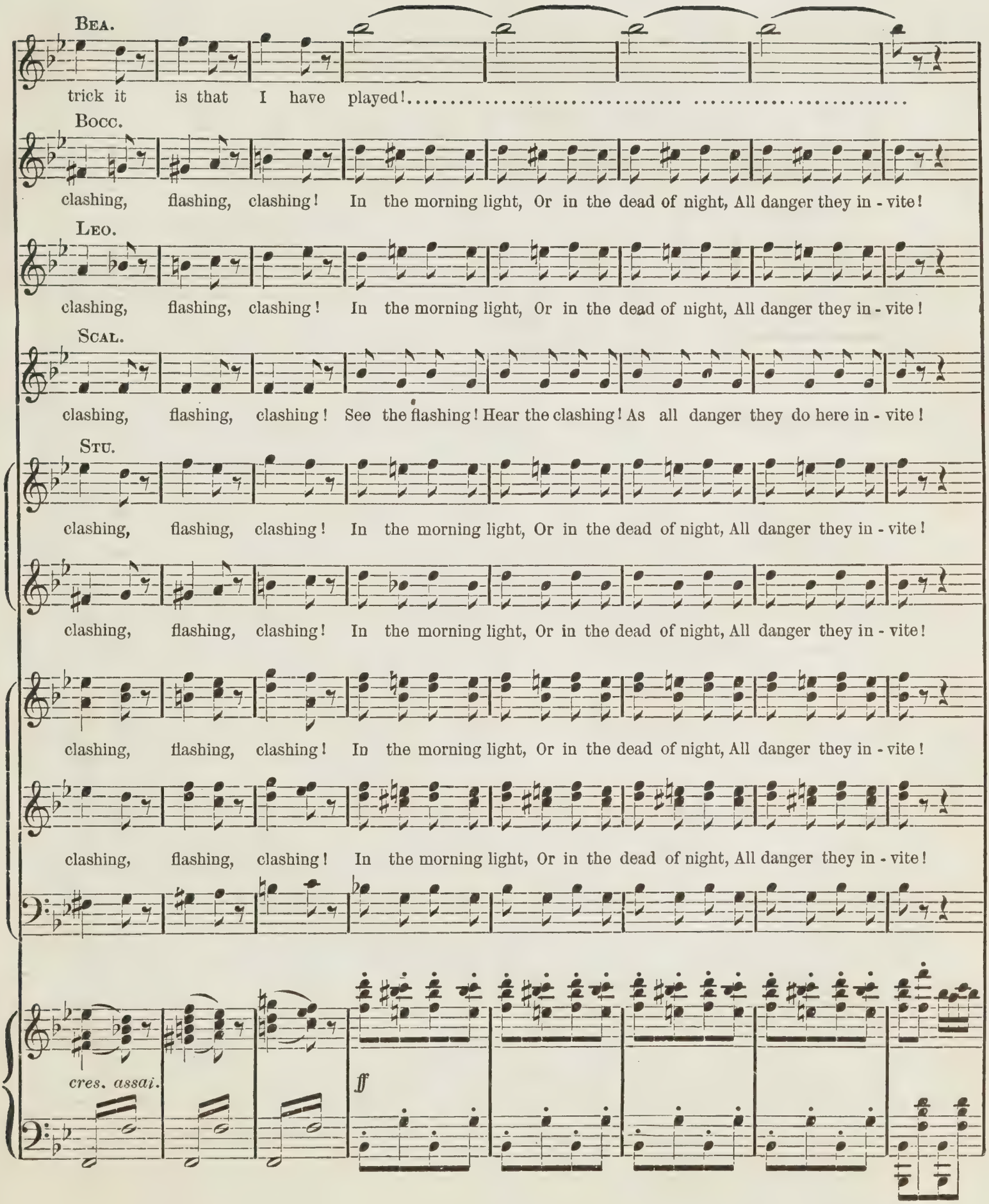
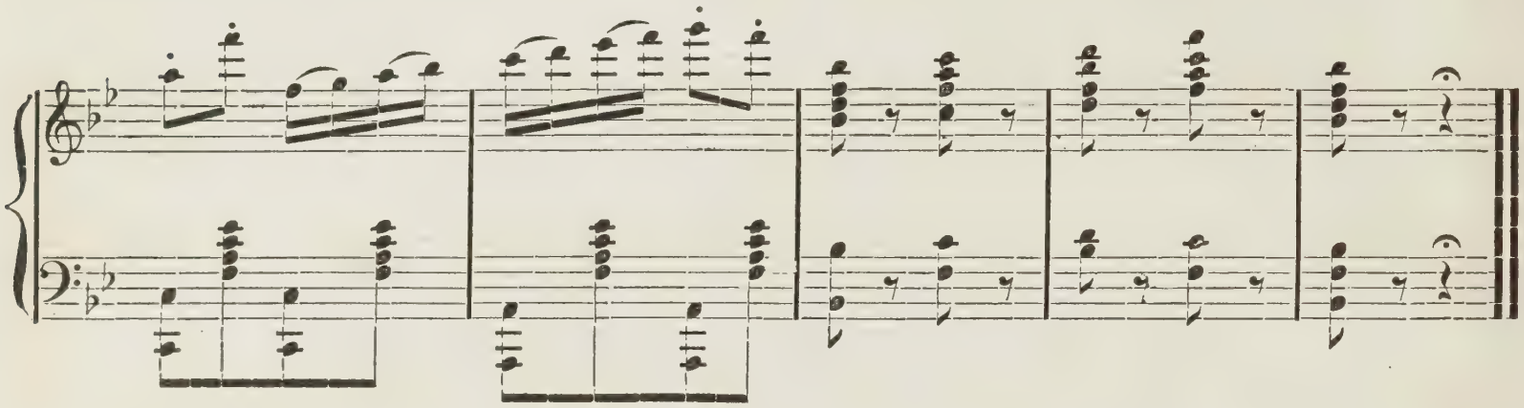

Bea.
.... I..... am dis - sem - bling, He's surely now tremb - ling, He is a - - fraid! What a
Bocc.
what do you mean? Ha! 'Tis mu - sic to them all! Ha! 'Tis mu - sic to them all! Swords are flashing,
Leo.
that! Ha! 'Tis mu- sic to them all! Ha! 'Tis mu - sic to them all! Swords are flashing,
Scal.
I'm trembling! I cannot call it mu - sic 'Tis far from be- ing mu- sic! Swords flashing,
Stu.
what do you mean? Ha! 'Tis mu- sic to them all! Ha! 'Tis mu- sic to them all! Swords are flashing,
that! Ha! 'Tis mu- sic to them all! Ha! 'Tis mu-sic to them all! Swords are flashing,
Sweetest mu - sic, Ha! 'Tis mu - sic to them all! Ha! 'Tis mu - sic to them all! Swords are flashing,
Sweetest mu - sic, Ha! 'Tis mu - sic to them all! Ha! 'Tis mu - sic to them all! Swords are flashing,
ff


Bea.
trick it is that I have played!
Bocc.
clashing, flashing, clashing! In the morning light, Or in the dead of night, All danger they in - vite!
Leo.
clashing, flashing, clashing! In the morning light, Or in the dead of night, All danger they in - vite!
Scal.
clashing, flashing, clashing! See the flashing! Hear the clashing! As all danger they do here in - vite!
Stu.
clashing, flashing, clashing! In the morning light, Or in the dead of night, All danger they in - vite!
clashing, flashing, clashing! In the morning light, Or in the dead of night, All danger they in - vite!
clashing, flashing, clashing! In the morning light, Or in the dead of night, All danger they in - vite!
clashing, flashing, clashing! In the morning light, Or in the dead of night, All danger they in - vite!
cres. assai.
ff

(*As the ensemble closes,* SCALZA *and* BEATRICE *go into* SCALZA'S *house. The* STUDENTS *drive the people back. All exit except* BOCCACCIO, LEONETTO, *and the* STUDENTS. BOCC. *and* LEONETTO *remove masks.*)



STUDENTS. Boccaccio? Leonetto?

BOCC. Two *friends*, after all!

CHICHIBIO. Two *rivals!*

BOCC. Yes, gentlemen; Boccaccio's rival is *your* friend and *my* friend—*our* friend, Leonetto. I was first on the spot.

LEON. I have adored Beatrice for six weeks.

BOCC. And I have known her just thirty minutes!

TOFANO. And what is the moral of this adventure?

BOCC. It is that a *new* love is the old one of another lover!

ALL. He is quite right.

LEON. Tell me how you came to know Signorina Beatrice.

ALL. Yes, tell us!

BOCC. I will. I must tell you that I love—

LEON. Beatrice?

BOCC. No! I love an unknown maiden. Since I first met her, I see her everywhere. Such is the force of a poet's imagination! In that church I sought her this morning. Not finding her, I gave my arm to another, and thus escorting her home from church——

TOFANO. You became acquainted with Beatrice Scalza.

BOCC. Yes. Though she cannot bear comparison with my unknown angel; she, nevertheless, somewhat resembles her!

LEON. Why? What resemblance?

BOCC. In that they are both strangers to me!

CHICH. A great reason, truly! How absurd! Listen!

BOCC. As we wended our way from church, Beatrice suddenly walked into Scalza's barber shop. Thus, Leonetto and I became rivals! While I was chatting pleasantly with my new acquaintance, Leonetto entered, calling for Scalza. Beatrice, hearing him, told me that her grandfather was coming, as she knew his voice. [*To* LEONETTO.] *You* are her grandfather! Beatrice called down stairs for you to wait. She shouted, "Wait a moment, please. My sister is making a call upon me!"

LEON. You are her sister. What a joke!

BOCC. Yes! Well, we were talking of student life, when, suddenly, her father unexpectedly arrived from Pisa, one day earlier than she had expected him!

TOFANO. Is it possible?

BOCC. Not wishing her father to know that she ever received calls from students, or even engaged in conversation with them, she resolved upon a harmless little ruse, which was to make her father believe that two strangers had entered the house, and that one had attacked the other, as if to kill him. She gave me a mask; told me to draw my sword. She told me to make a mock fight. You know the rest. Is Leonetto satisfied?

LEON. Quite!

TOFANO. All of which shows us how you obtain materials for your sensational novels! You are *so* fascinating!

BOCC. True! I cannot help it if all the ladies adore me!

[*Looks into church door.*]

THERE IS A JOLLY STUDENT.

No. 4. SONG OF BOCCACCIO.

Moderato assai, quasi Andante. M.M. ♩= 76.

p

p

BOCCACCIO.

There is a jol - ly stu - dent standing there, He sees a gen- tle maid- en young and fair; She's walking with her

p

fa - ther down the street, With smiles they greet; She is a blue-eyed girl, with flax - en

fp *fp*

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hair, She nods and smiles, as if to ban - ish care; But on her fa - ther's face a frown is

seen, He does not smile, For he does not like the students; Yet the student loves the

fp *fp* *pp*

In tempo piu

girl. He now asks to wed the maiden, She would like to be his bride; He de-

preciso.

- clares his fixed en- dea - vor, They would hap- py be for - ev - er, From each oth- er would not sev- er, Ah! they

should be part - ed nev- er; See! her fa - ther, now re - lenting, Is re - luctant- ly con - senting, Happy

fp *fp*

are all three at last. I take my pen; and write a - gain Of romance that a- round their

fp *f* *f* *p*

Ped. * *Ped.* *

lives is cast. Old sto - ries and tales new; False sto - ries and tales true; As -

pp

Allegretto grazioso. M.M. = 100.

- sist me, now, Fan - cy! I write, with great- est ease, A chap- ter ev - 'ry day!

p

I pen whate'er I please, and none can say me nay: I care not for the men, their

rit.

threat'nings I de - fy, So long as I the fair ones please, Who cares? Not I! For I

write for..... glo- ry, not for gold; I am a con - sci - en - tious man; And that is why my nov - els

Boccaccio.

here have sold! Let them read! I can - not won - der that 'tis

Leonetto.

We will read! No great - er writ - er do we

Students.

Yes! His sto - ries we will glad ly read? No great - er writ - ter do we

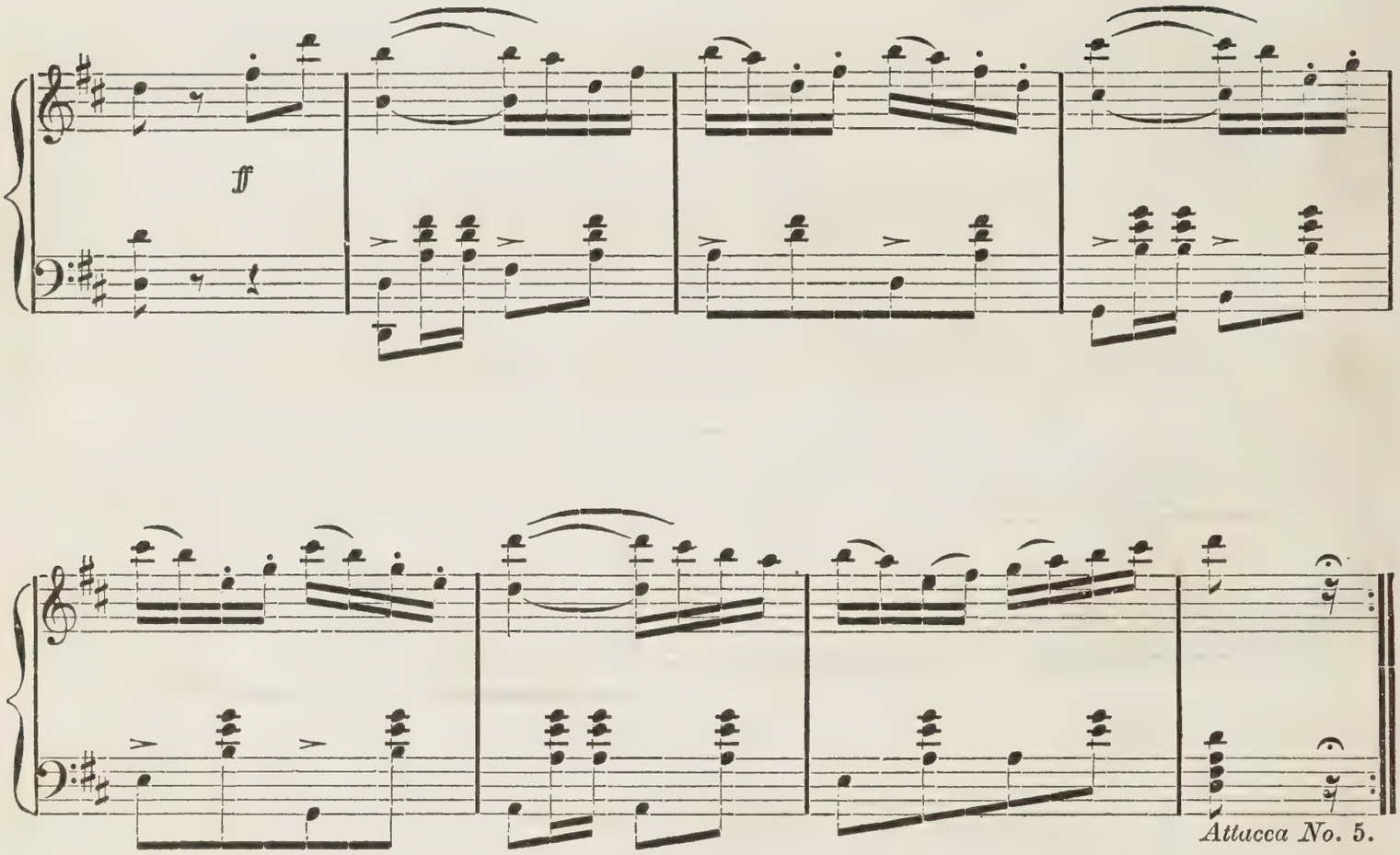
mf

so! There are none who more truth do show! They love Boc - cac - ci - o!

know! There are none whom we all love so! We love Boc - cac - ci - o!

know! There are none whom we all love so! We love Boc - cac - ci - o!

(*Exit* BOCCACCIO *into church.*) STUDENTS. Addio, Boccaccio.



(*Enter* LAMBERTUCCIO, LOTTERINGHI, MARIETTA, DONNA JANCOFIERE, ELIZA, DONNA PULCI, AUGUSTINA, ELENA, ANGELICA, CHECCO, ANSELMO, CHIACOMETTO, TITO, *all on their way to church.*)

LOTTER (*to* LAMB). Look at Boccaccio going to church!

LAMB. He knows why!

LOTTER. Let us follow him!

(*Exit* LOTTER. *and* LAMB. *into church. Enter* SCALZA *and* BEAT.)

LEON (*to* BEATRICE.) Pray that your falsehood may be forgiven!

SCALZA. In future, my dear daughter, do not open the door to strangers.

(*Exit all into church. Enter* ISABELLA.)

ISABELLA. Where is Fresco? Fresco, you lazy fellow!

(*Enter* FRESCO, *carrying a large cake behind him.*)

FRESCO. Here I am!

ISAB. Where is my hymn-book that I told you to bring? Where have you been loitering?

FRESCO. I came as soon as I could! I stopped to buy me a Saint John's festival cake

ISAB. I will punish you for this when we get home. Go into church! (*Exit* FRESCO *into church.*)

(*After driving* FRESCO *into church, in great rage,* ISABELLA *stops, assumes a very devotional air, and slowly exits into church.*)

(*Enter* FIAMETTA *and* PERONELLA.)

TO THE HOUSE OF PRAYER.

No. 5. DUET. Fiametta and Peronella.

Molto moderato. M.M. ♩ = 84.

GLOCKE.

fp

Ped.

FIAMETTA.

The bells are chim - ing, sweet and low, As to the church we slow - ly go; The

PERONELLA.

The bells are chim - ing, sweet and low, As to the church we slow - ly go;

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church is filled to - day!..... To the house of prayer we

The church is fill'd to-day, Ah, hear! The bells are ring - ing, As we near the house of pray'r, now we hear,

come!..... ..... As bells so soft - ly ring, soft - ly, sweet - ly ring to - -

We hear the sweet bells ring - ing, In yon bel - fry swinging, we hear! Come to the house of

- day!.... Oh! would that I might meet him

prayer! My new dress seems to be too long!

pp

here! He is to me so ve-ry

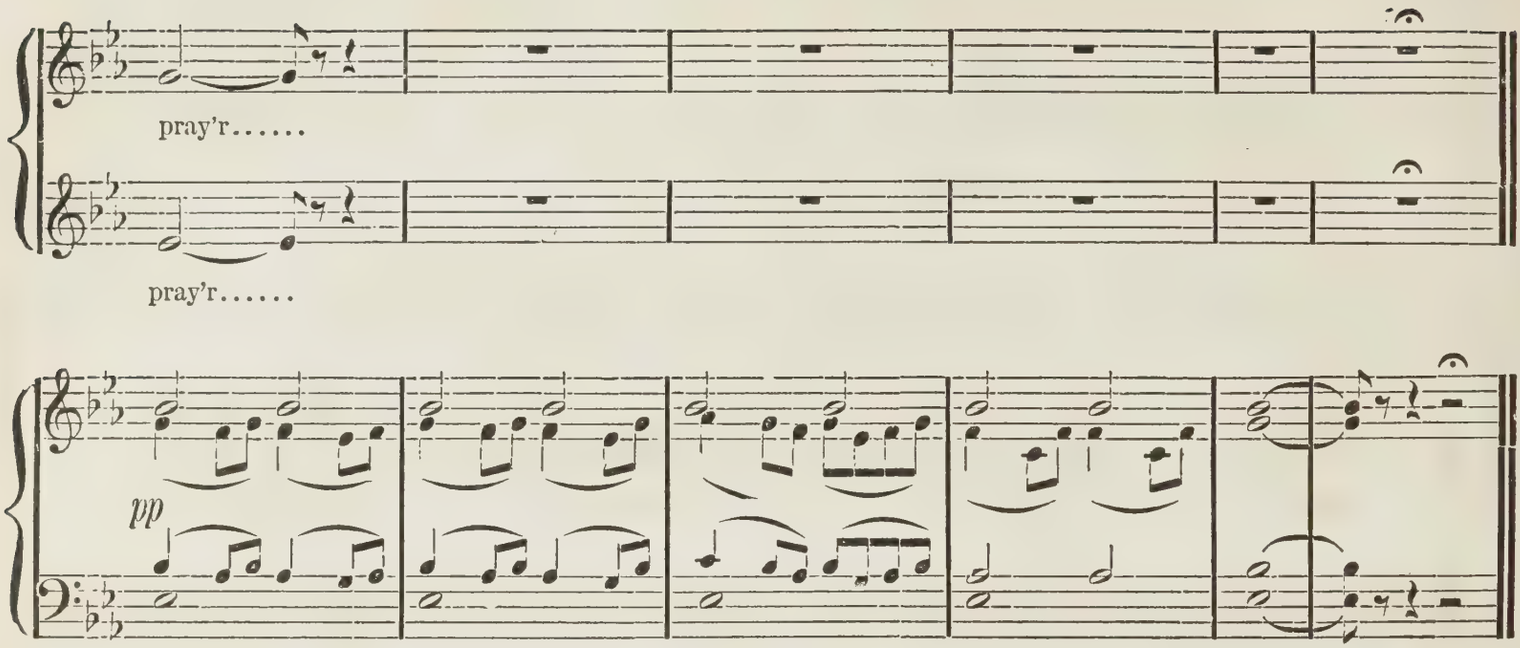
I know that there will be a throng!

dear! He is my true, fond love.

Hast-en! Now the bells are ring-ing! Come, or we shall miss the singing!

my own; Ah? I sigh for him a-lone! Come to the house of prayer! To the bless-ed house of

Come to the house of pray'r! Yes, come! Come to the house of



PERON. Come, Fiametta, we must go into church. We are very late. This is a *double* holiday for us. It is just ten years ago to-day, since a stranger brought you, a sweet little child, to our home. My brother agreed to adopt you.

FIAMETTA. Ten years? Alas! I do not know my parents!

PERON. Which may possibly be just as well!

FIAM. I do not know why. I should like to know them.

(*Enter* BOCCACCIO *from church. He stands in the doorway unobserved by them.*)

BOCC. (*Aside.*) There she is! She is almost an angel! She is always with that sister!

PERON. I have been told, lately, by the person who brings the money to pay for your support and tuition, that your parents are inclined to have you marry.

BOCC (*Aside.*) Indeed?

FIAM. Married? To whom?

PERON. To a very rich gentleman, holding a high government position.

FIAM. Whom I do not love, nor even know! Never!

BOCC. (*Aside.*) Brava!

PERON. And why not? You can learn to love him after you are married.

FIAM. Flames after smoke? Lightning after thunder?

BOCC. (*Aside.*] She is as witty as she is beautiful!

PERON. Who told you that matrimony is a home of smoke, thunder, and lightning?

FIAM. *True* love is like heaven's lightning, flashing from eye to eye, straight to the heart!

BOCC. [*Aside.*] Poetical too! What a treasure!

PERON. All illusions; I know; for I am older than you.

BOCC. [*Aside.*] Quite true!

FIAM. I am right. Listen, and I will tell you in song:

LOVE IS A TENDER FLOWER.

No. 6. Fiametta.

FIAMETTA.
Andante molto espressivo.

O Love! sweet, ten- der flow- er, That blos - soms in a day! Be-
The ten - der bud will with- er, When faith be - dews it not; When

p

- neath truth's warm and radiant sun, It nev - er knows de - cay; May faith and trust keep summer e-
thro' the cloud no sunshine comes, How sad is then my lot!

pp

- ter - nal in my heart, Nor let the win - try frost of doubt Bid e'er from my life this hope de-

mf

mf

pp

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1st.

- part, That I am thine be - loved, And mine a - lone thou art!

p

BOCC. [*Aside.*] How charming! How pure and sweet!

PERON. Nonsense! All illusions! Love is sentimental nonsense. A rich husband is what every young girl should seek. I am looking for one myself!

BOCC. [*Aside to* FIAMETTA.] Maiden, I love you alone!

FIAM. It is the student.

PERON. Who is it, Fiametti? (*To* BOCC.) Who are you, sir?

BOCC. I wish to offer you some Festival flowers. [*Hands* PERON. *small bouquet.*

PERON. I thank you, stranger! [*Bows, and exits into church.*]

2d.

BOCCACCIO. (*kneels at* FIAMETTA'S *feet.*)

Thou

pp

pp

Ped.

grosse.

art a ten- der flow - er, That blos - soms in my heart; And ev - 'ry thought of oth - ers.... Be-

cres.

* *Ped.* * *Ped.* * *Ped.* *

Steigerung bis zum fortissimo.

- fore thy presence must de - part; Thou art a ten - der flow - er, That blos - soms in my

heart!

ff *p*

perdendosi.

pp

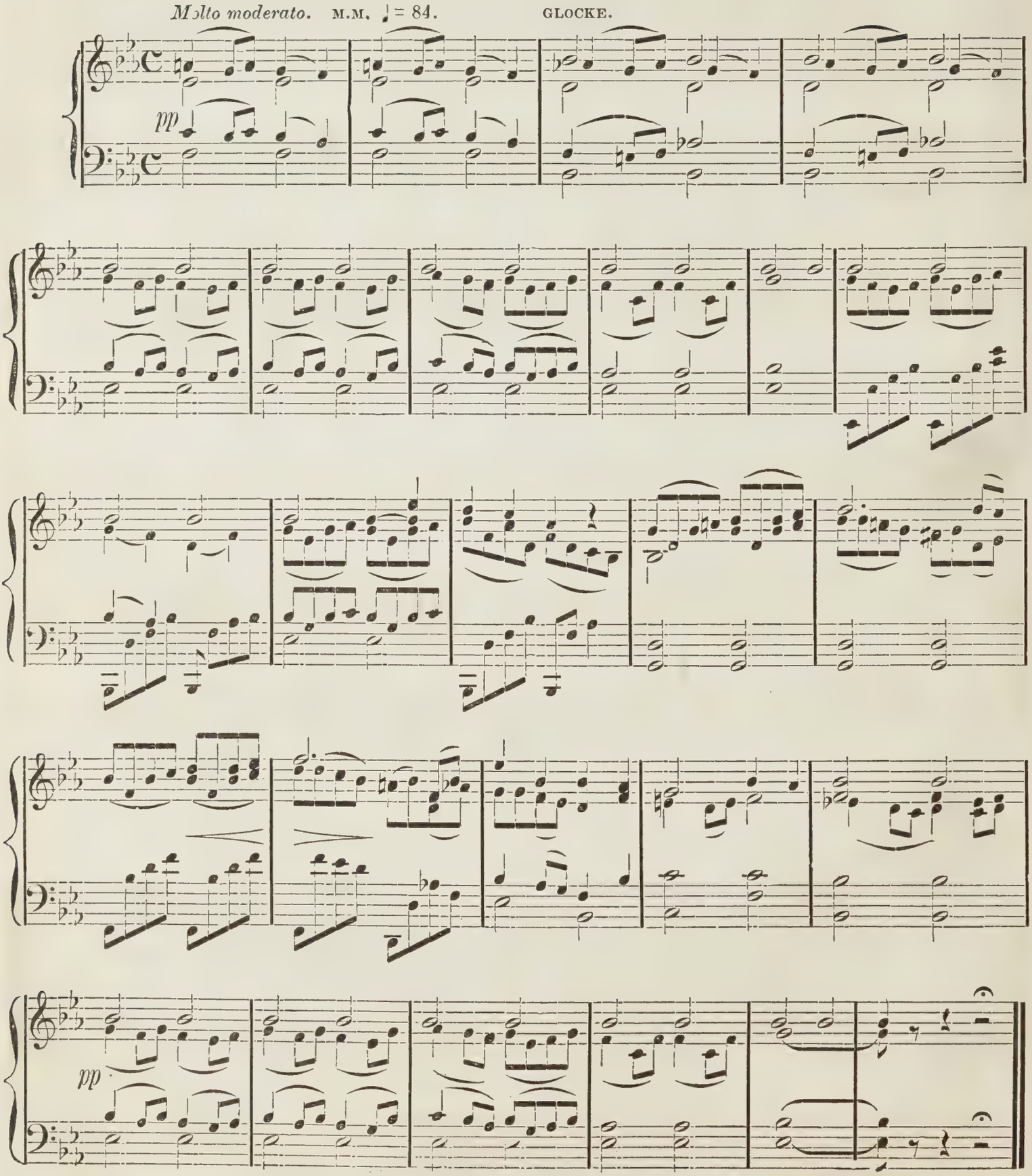
(BOCCACCIO, *as he concludes his song, hands* FIAMETTA *a small bouquet.*

FIAM. (*to* BOCC.) Thanks! (*Bows low, and exits into church.*)

BOCC. (*looking after* FIAMETTA.) We shall meet again! (*Exit to the right, up the stage.*)

FROM THE HOUSE OF PRAYER.

No. 6a.



(*Enter* PIETRO.)

PIETRO.—Well, this is indeed a change for me! I am the first prince at Palermo, and the last student in Florence. And I come as a lover, too! I am sure that I shall not be recognized. The duke, my father, said to me the other day: "Pietro, you are no longer a boy. It is time you took a wife. Set out at once for Florence. The duke of that city has a lovely young daughter. Marry her. By this act we shall strengthen our alliance with Florence." The daughter may be a Hebe and the duke an Adonis. I do not care to become acquainted with either of them, I like the society of the young ladies, but I do not propose to marry just yet. I am too fond of wine and flirtation:

WINE AND FLIRTATION.

No. 6 b. SONG. Pietro.

Allegro.

sf

8

What tempts the stu - dent from stud - ies grand? Wine is the mag - ic none can with - stand, For in its spar - kle so - lace is found; Dreams of an E - - den

* The measures containing figures only, indicate rests in the orchestral parts, and are not to be regarded when the piece is sung with piano accompaniment.

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in it a - bound, Bringing a vis - ion of soft and sweet de - light.

p

Pleas - ure E - lys - - ian, and joy complete and bright. Thus doth the stu - - dent

sf

Dream the swift hours a - way, Heeding no fu - - ture, Life's but a day.

15

f

f

Wife, wine and... song, Our joys pro - - long, Life's cou - leur de rose, As with

p

pleas - ure it glows, Sing praise to..... wine,..... Nec - tar di - vine! As we pledge a

p

vow to our love so true.

13

13

sf *rit.*

tempo.

What loves the stu - dent more than his books? Sure - ly, he priz - es his fond one's

tempo.

p

looks; For when she gaz - es on him with love, Brighter than sun - beams

'tis from a - - bove. Wine and flir - ta - tion, these are his stud - ies choice.

These are temp - ta - - tions, Mak - ing his heart re - joice; Wine and flir - ta - - tion,

sf

These are his studies choice, These are the temp - ta - tions that his heart re - joice.

cres. *f* *p*

sf *f* *ff*

PIETRO. If I were not Prince of Palermo, I would like to be Boccaccio. [*Takes book from pocket*] Here is his latest novel! It is jolly! How he abuses the poor, miserable, lazy, tippling husbands, to be sure! Ha! Ha! Ha!

[*Enter* LEONETTO.]

LEON. [*Entering, sees* PIETRO, *from behind, and mistakes him for* BOCC.] [*Aside.*] I do not think Boccaccio knows that his angel is in the church! [*To* PIETRO.] Ah, Boccaccio! You are here?

PIETRO. [*Surprised and turns toward* LEON.] Signor?

LEON. I beg your pardon! A mistake!

PIETRO. You honor me!

LEON. You resemble Boccaccio, at all events!

PIETRO. In the back of my head!

[*Enter* BOCC.]

LEON. The front of his head looks like that! [*Points to* BOCC.]

PIETRO. What? Is is possible? Ah!

BOCC. Your servant, cavalier!

PIETRO. [*To* LEONETTO.] How fortunate! [*To* BOCC.] Have I the honor of addressing the nation's greatest poet? The pride of Italy?

BOCC. I am not Petrarch.

PIETRO. No; Giovanni Boccaccio!

BOCC. Too much honor! And you are—?

PIETRO. My name? (*Aside.*) I must preserve my incognito. I never thought of a name. (*to* BOCC.) My name is Alessandro Chiarmontese. I am a Sicilian; a student.

BOCC. What did you study at Palermo?

PIETRO. Nothing. Ah, yes, yes—two branches. Wine and Flirtation!

BOCC. Pleasant studies, truly!

PIETRO. At Florence I shall study human nature.

BOCC. Then you can continue your studies in beverages. All the men of Florence are tipplers.

PIETRO. I want to be a novelist too.

LEON. Ah, indeed.

PIETRO. I am young and not without spirit and ambition; and I also have some money.

LEON. Give me more spirit and less money.

PIETRO. (*Laughs—to* LEON.) Not bad! (*To* BOCC.) Pray, sublime poet and novelist, will you accept a pupil?

BOCC. You've a wrong idea, Alessandro! My novels are not invented. They are a reflection from life. I *live* all my romances before writing them.

PIETRO. Just my idea! I want to live some of them too.

LEON. Then, welcome to Florence.

PIETRO. Will you give me an introduction to the good people of Florence? (*To* LEON.) Will you too?

LEON. Gladly.

BOCC. Come, prepare!

[*Enter people from church, passing across the stage, and exit.*]

LEON. (*To* BOCC., *as some old ladies enter.*) Come, Alessandro, let me introduce you those ladies.

PIETRO. No, Leonetto. I will not deprive you of their society for the world!

BOCC. (*Aside.*) The services are over; my fair one will soon appear!

[*Enter all who have been in the church, slowly, as* ISABELLA, BEATRICE, *and* PERONELLA *enter.*]

PIETRO. (*To* LEON.) Who is that lady?

LEON. (*Thinking he means* BEATRICE.) Those fair blue eyes?

PIETRO. No, no! The other.

LEON. That is Isabella, the cooper's niece.

BEA. (*To* PERON.) Where did you leave Fiametta?

PERON. In the church, praying to be relieved from the evil which threatens her. Her father wants to marry her, against her will. Heaven help her!

BEA. Amen.

PERON. Still, the intended husband is rich. I would marry him.

ISAB. My husband is a drunkard. Were I not married, I would not be. Marriage is slavery!

PIETRO. (*To* LEON.) What a pretty girl the cooper's niece is! Will you introduce me?

ISAB. (*To* PERON,) What a fine cavalier!

[LEONETTO *presents* PIETRO *to* ISABELLA.]

ISAB. (*To* PIETRO.) You come from Sicily. Our sun is not as bright as yours.

PIETRO. Then I will look into your eyes! (*To* LEON.) I am writing the preface.

ISAB. Besides, our climate is cold.

PIETRO. I have brought eternal fire from Ætna within my heart.

ISAB. You are a poet.

CHECCO. (*To* PIETRO.) A poor, blind man.

PIETRO. (*To* CHECCO.) Away with you!

CHECCO. (*Aside.*) Miser! (*To* BOCC.) A poor cripple!

BOCC. (*Puts money in* CHECCO'S *hat.*) There.

CHECCO. Thanks signor!

[*Exit all but* BOCC., LEON., PIETRO, CHECCO., ISAB., BEA., & PERON.]

BOCC. (*Aside.*) What shall I do? (*to* CHECCO.) Do you want to earn some more money, my poor fellow? (*Hands another coin to* CHECCO, *who puts crutch over his shoulder and runs after* BOCC.

Exit BOCC. *and* CHECCO.)

BEA. (*To* ISABELLA *and* PERON., *walking towards* SCALZA'S *house.*) Will you take a glass of wine, ladies?

ISAB. & PERON. Thanks. With pleasure.

PIETRO & LEON. May we escort you, ladies?

BEA. Some other time time, gentlemen. To-morrow. (*Exit* BEA., ISAB. & PERON. *into* SCALZA'S *house.*)

PIETRO. Where's Boccaccio?

LEON. (*Looks into church.*) He cannot be far away. I am going over to the Public house. You'll find me there. (*Aside.*) That young man is a second Boccaccio.

[*Exit* LEON.]

PIETRO. Addio. (*Looks into church. Enter* LOTTER *and* LAMB.)

LOTTER. (*To* LAMB.) It is Boccaccio.

LAMB. (*To* LOTTER) Be quiet—we've got him now!

PIETRO. [*Does not see them.*] I cannot find him. He has gone to the public house.

LAMB. (*Takes* PIETRO *by the shoulder.*) I have business with you, sir. (*Strikes him with umbrella.*) Take that!

LOTTER. (*Strikes* PIETRO.) And that!

PIETRO. Oh!

LAMB. Take that! (*Hits* PIETRO *again.*) You miserable scribbler (*Calls.*) Scalza!

LOTTER. (*Hits* PIETRO.) Take that, you abusive coward! (*Calls.*) Scalza, come here!

PIETRO. (*Aside.*) Scribbler? What do they mean?

LAMB. [*Pounds on* SCALZA'S *door.*] Scalza, come quickly! Here he is!

PIETRO. Have done, or I will cut you to pieces! [*Draws sword; runs off. Exit* PIETRO, LOTTER., *and* LAMBERTUCCIO.]

(*Enter* FIAMETTA *from church.* *Enter* BOCCACCIO, *disguised as a beggar.*)

FIAM. They left me alone! Where's Peronella?

BOCC. (*aside.*) Just in time! I'll meet her as a beggar!

A POOR, BLIND BEGGAR.

No. 7. DUETT. Fiametta and Boccaccio.

Andante con molto appassionato. M.M. ♩= 88.

BOCC.

A poor, blind beggar now asks you for pi - ty,

p

p

cres.

I pray you, hear me, fairest in the ci - ty; Give me a hearing, I pray you, fair la - dy, O lovely la-

-dy, have pi - - ty, have pi - - ty! Help, O help, I do beseech thee,

cres.

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FIAM.

Who is that? It is his voice! I know that voice! Yes, it is one I love!

gentle la-dy, hear me, now! She listens! O joy!

p

Yes, I can trust this beg-gar's face!

Have pi-ty, gentle la-dy, do have pi - - - ty! Give me one word, and it will

He can't disguise an in-born grace! I'll trust him! I'll hear

make me hap - - - py! One word, a simple word, and yet it makes me rich as Crœsus.

him! I like his honest, man - ly face, No sign of roguer - y I trace! I'll an-

Yes, but one word, one word, one word, and yet it makes me rich as

-swer! One word? one word? One word! one word!

Crœ - sus, just a word, one word! Speak to me, gentle la - dy, speak!

p *pp*

One word to him! One word to him!

Speak but a little simple word! But one word which will make me rich, 'Twill make me rich, Ah!

Allegretto grazioso. M.M. ♩ = 96.

But one word, But one word, What a wond'rous pow'r it has, Wonder- ful! Wonder-

Speak! But one word, But one word, But one, one word, it is won-der-ful!

pp

-ful! What a wondrous pow'r it has! Just one word, Just one word! It will make him ve - ry

wonder-ful! Speak, on - ly speak! Just one word! Just one word! How won -der-

rich! Just one word! Just one word! It will make the beg - gar rich! I'll have pi - ty up-

-ful! How won-der - ful! A sim - ple word will make the beg - gar rich! Oh!

p

-on him, and speak just one word! I'll have pi - ty, and I'll speak one

speak one word! it will make the beg - gar

f *sfz*

L'istesso tempo.

FIAMETTA.

word! What shall I say to you, a stranger? Do you want but a word from

BOCCACCIO.

rich!

O yes! a smile! Your smile to me is sun - shine! 'Twill make the

me!

beg - - gar's heart rejoice. Now he has heard with greatest joy your voice; Give me sweet pleasure, sweet pleas-

Should I smile up- on you, then, Would you not crave my smiles a - gain? Would you

ure E-lys - - ian, one sweet, sweet smile, pray now, O! gen - tle la - dy,

cres.

not? One smile! one smile! One smile! one smile!

for 'twill all my cares be - guile! O, just one sweet, an-gel - ic smile!

p *pp*

But just one smile? Give you a smile?

I on-ly ask you for one smile! For but one smile! I on-ly ask, I on-ly ask one

Allegretto grazioso.

Just one smile! Just one smile! There is mag-ic in a smile! Wonder-ful! Wonder-

smile, Just one smile! Just one smile! There is mag-ic in a smile! won-der-ful! wonder-

pp

-ful! I will smile up-on him once! On-ly once! On-ly once! I will smile up-on him

-ful! She will smile up-on me once! On-ly once! On-ly once! She will smile up-on me

once, on -ly once! on - ly this! I will give the beg - gar bliss! Just one smile! Just one

once, on - ly once! on - ly this! She will give the beg - gar bliss! Just

p

smile! I will give him one smile, For he says it will his heart be-

one smile! O! For it will my heart be-

(draws back haughtily.)

f *sfz*

Lisstesso tempo. M.M. ♩ = 96.

-guile! Now, I've smiled, so farewell! Well, what now? No, oh,

-guile! Do not go! Now, your hand!

sfz *pp* *sfz* *pp* *staccato.* *sfz* *pp* *sfz* *pp*

Andante. M.M. ♩ = 63.

no! not to a beggar! You're a bold beggar! Be silent, do!

Then fare-

sfz *pp* *sfz* *pp* *sfz* *pp*

Corno.

-well, so fare - well, take my thanks be - fore you go! Fare-well, sweet one! Ah!

Yes, fare - well, so fare - well, I'll for - give your boldness,

Do not leave me so! O then farewell! So fare thee well! If you must go a-

p

cres.

cres. - - - acceler.

sir! So, fare - well, Yes, fare- well! Fare thee well! Fare thee

-way, then I must say fare - well! O, we must say farewell, farewell, farewell! We part to meet a - gain! Now

fp p cres. acecel.

well! We must say fare - well!

we must part, yes, we must say fare - well!

f ff Ped. * Ped.

dim. p *

[*Enter* LOENETTO. *Exit* FIAMETTA.]

LEON. Boccaccio?

BOCC. What do you wish?

LEON. You are in a strange disguise. What for?

BOCC. Getting more materials for my novels.

LEON. Keep your disguise, Boccaccio! Florence is in a state of high excitement. The men of the city have discovered their own portraits in the characters of your novels. They are all about to revenge themselves on you. [*Enter* STUDENTS.]

STUDENTS. They come like bees!

BOCC. Aha!

STUDENTS. Lo, another mob!

LEON. We will cut our way through them!

STUDENTS. Yes; let us cut our way!

BOCC. No, friends! No blood! Let us all into Scalza's house!

LEON. Do not let Beatrice know who you are!

BOCC. This mask will disguise me! Quickly, friends; follow me!

[*All exit into* SCALZA'S *house.*]

FINALE.

No. 8.

Allegretto molto moderato quasi Andantino. M.M. ♩= 60.

Fl.Ob.Cl.

fp p Ped.

fp p * Ped.

p cres. f

pf fp p

pp pp

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Enter Lott. Lamb. Scalza *and other men of the city, in search of* Boccaccio.

ppp Lotteringhi, Lambertuccio.

Down with Boccaccio! The scamp! Where is he? If we but find him, O then he shall see!

ppp Scalza.

Down with Boccaccio! The scamp! Where is he? If we but find him, O then he shall see!

ppp Chorus of Men.

Down with Boccaccio! The scamp! Where is he? If we but find him, O then he shall see!

ppp

pp

sf

Down with the scoundrel! Down with him! We will stand it no lon - ger! We'll murder the scamp! Yes, yes,

sf

Down with the scoundrel! Down with him! We'll stand it no more, no more! Yes, yes,

sf

Down with the scoundrel! Down with him! We will stand it no more, no more! Down with the scamp! Yes, yes, Yes, yes, yes, yes,

sf

Down with the scoundrel! Down with him! We will stand it no more! Yes, yes,

fz

fz

Down with Boccaccio! The scamp! Where is he? And when we shall have found him, O then he shall see!

Down with Boccaccio! The scamp! Where is he? And when we shall have found him, O then he shall see!

Down with Boccaccio! The scamp! Where is he? And when we shall have found him, O then he shall see!

O, the scamp! We will kill the scamp! We'll make way with him, to be sure, to be sure!

O, the scamp! We will kill the scamp! We'll make way with him, to be sure, to be sure!

O, the scamp! We will kill the scamp! We'll make way with him, to be sure, to be sure!

p LOTTERINGHI.

The may - or said, when I com-plained to him, "You are a

pp

LAMBERTUCCIO.

lout!" And when I went to him a-bout this fuss, he said, "Get out!"

Yes, we know you are! And it served you right!

Yes, we know you are! And it served you right!

LOTTERINGHI. LAMBERTUCCIO. BOTH.

He said that I was a boor! And he show'd me to the door! Our re- venge it will now

He's just found it out! Just what he should have done!

He's just found it out! Just what he should have done!

sfz p

sfz *f* *p*

come! We rebel! Shall we thus in - sult - ed be?..... Sat- is - fac - tion we will have! Yes, we will, we'll not

f *p* *f*

We rebel! Shall we insult - ed be? Yes, we will!

f *p* *f*

We rebel! Shall we insult - ed be? Yes, we will!

f *p* *f*

p *sfz*

pp *cres.* *ff* *pp*

thus insult - ed be? Then come on! Yes, come on! Now come on! We re - bel! Yes! Now, men of Florence, we

pp *ff* *pp*

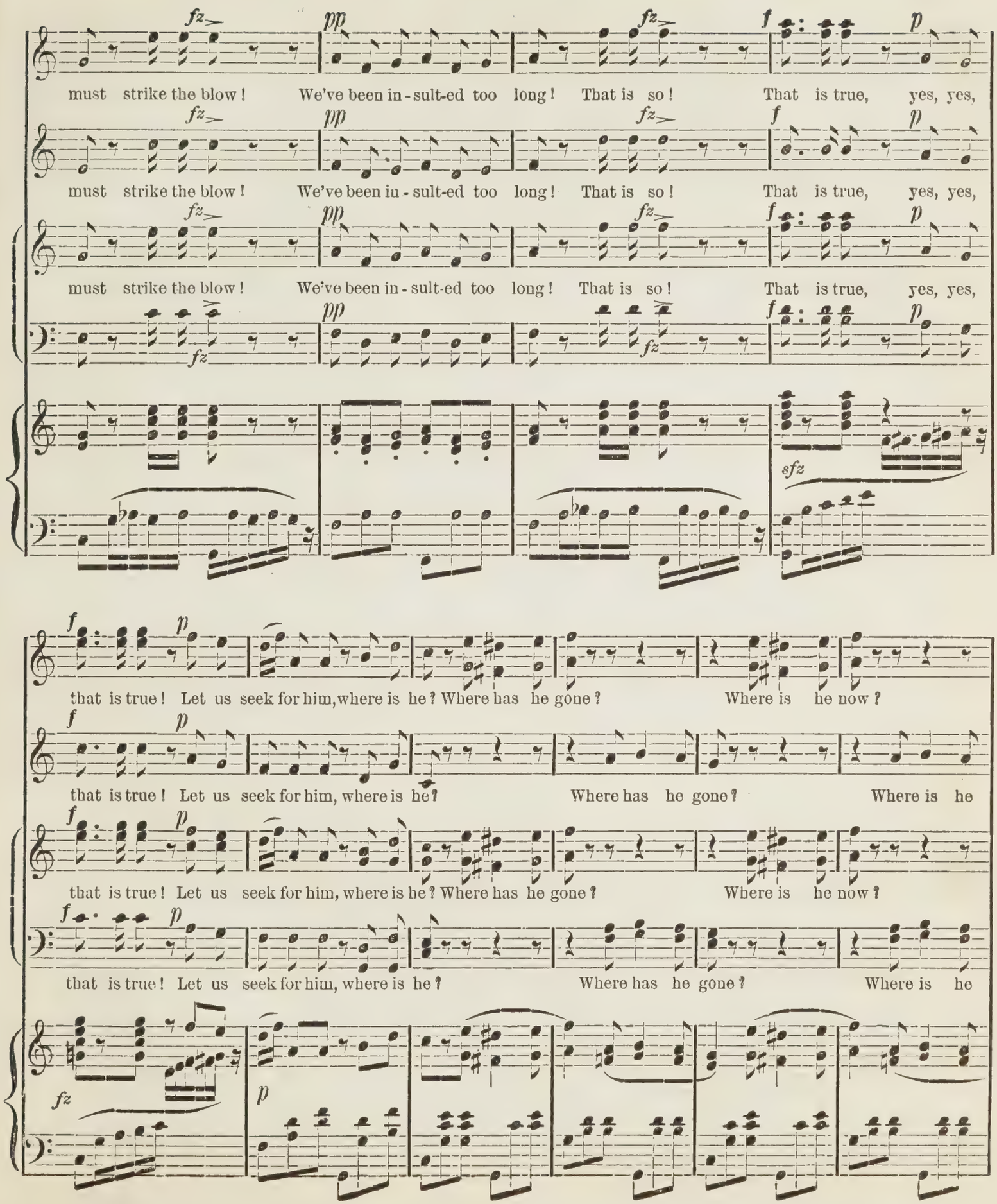
Yes, come on! Come on! Yes, come on! Yes! yes! Now, men of Florence, we

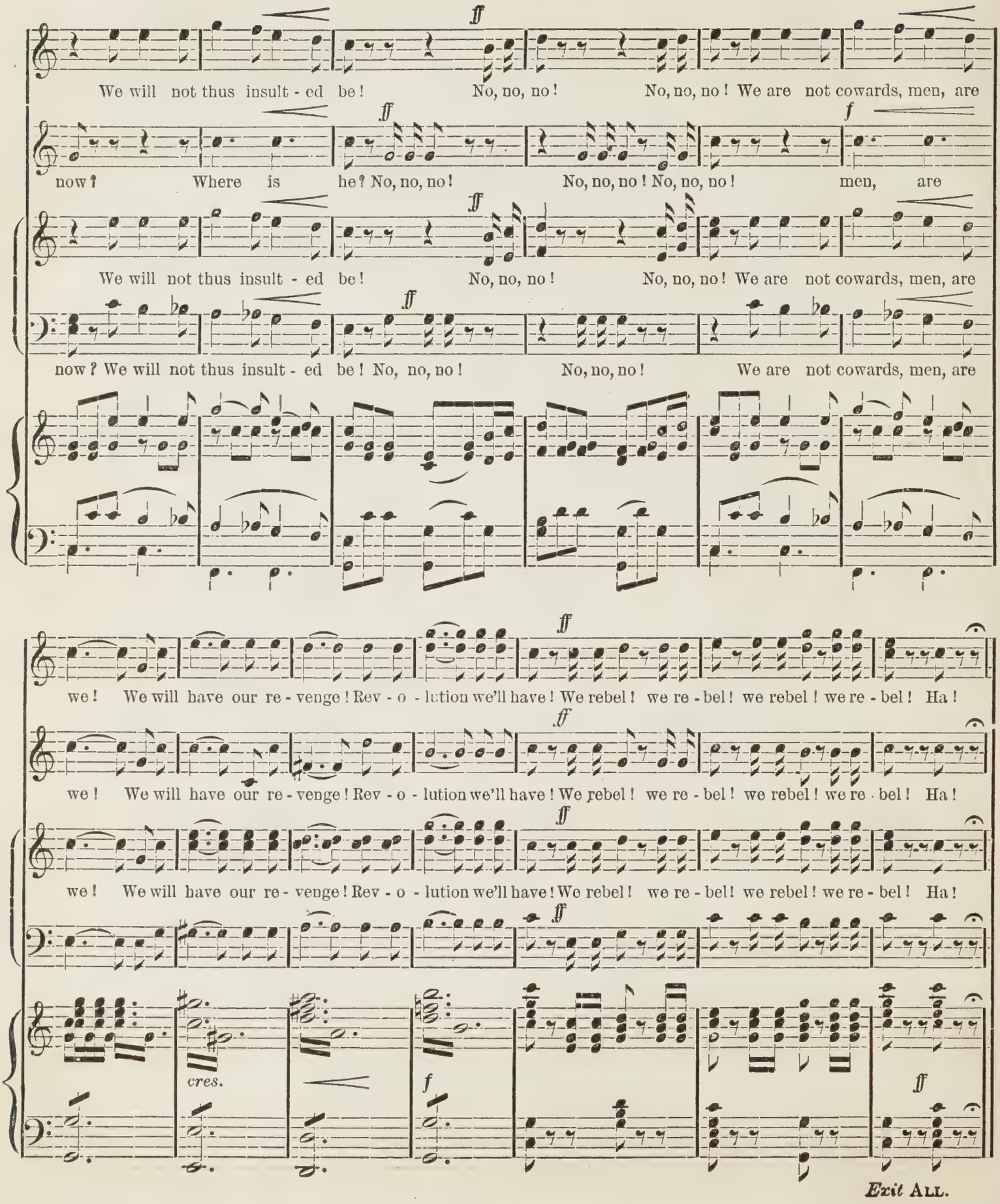
pp *ff* *pp*

Yes, come on! Now come on! Yes, come on! Come on! Yes, yes! Now, men of Florence, we

pp *ff* *pp*

p *cres.* *ff* *pp*


must strike the blow! We've been in-sult-ed too long! That is so! That is true, yes, yes,
must strike the blow! We've been in-sult-ed too long! That is so! That is true, yes, yes,
must strike the blow! We've been in-sult-ed too long! That is so! That is true, yes, yes,
that is true! Let us seek for him, where is he? Where has he gone? Where is he now?
that is true! Let us seek for him, where is he? Where has he gone? Where is he
that is true! Let us seek for him, where is he? Where has he gone? Where is he now?
that is true! Let us seek for him, where is he? Where has he gone? Where is he


ff
We will not thus insult - ed be! No, no, no! No, no, no! We are not cowards, men, are
ff
f
now? Where is he? No, no, no! No, no, no! No, no, no! men, are
ff
We will not thus insult - ed be! No, no, no! No, no, no! We are not cowards, men, are
ff
now? We will not thus insult - ed be! No, no, no! No, no, no! We are not cowards, men, are
ff
we! We will have our re - venge! Rev - o - lution we'll have! We rebel! we re - bel! we rebel! we re - bel! Ha!
ff
we! We will have our re - venge! Rev - o - lution we'll have! We rebel! we re - bel! we rebel! we re - bel! Ha!
ff
we! We will have our re - venge! Rev - o - lution we'll have! We rebel! we re - bel! we rebel! we re - bel! Ha!
ff
cres.
f
ff

Exit ALL.

(*Enter the* STUDENTS. *Enter* SCALZA.)

Allegretto Moderato.

TOFAN AND CHICHIBIO.

Bar - ber,

Allegretto Moderato.

p

here, now! Cut our hair, so go and get your shears, now quickly!

SCALZA.

Well? I can't, I go to the

GUIDO AND CISTI,

Come right here. Come, your ra - zor! Come, we want our hair cut, now, in English

Mayor's! No!

FOUR STUDENTS.

style! Come, we want you, come here, quick!

I must 'tend to pol - i - tics! Leave me! fellows, get you

(*Enter* BEATRICE. *Enter* LEONETTO.)

BEATRICE.

Don't neglect your work, Hear your customers! Serve them! Serve them!

LEON.

Mas - ter Scalza, Mas - ter Scal - za, Come and leave that mob a-

FOUR STUDENTS.

Quick, shave us!

SCALZA.

gone! What?

Bus - i - ness attend! Serve your customers!

FEDERICO, GIOTTO, PINIERI. LEON.

-lone? Have more sense! Come, your ra - zor! Come, you

First, my du - ty to my coun - try! Ha!

Serve them, fa - ther! What do you

bar - ber, Do not keep us here all night.

EIGHT STUDENTS.

Say, are we all that barber's

I can - not shave without a light!

f

mean? Don't leave your shop!

Say, are we all that barber's fools? We're his patrons!

fools?

I go for revo - lu - tion! It is our best so - lu - tion! Urge me no

De - stroy his shop! Break up his chairs and ta - bles! He'll need them not, for he's go - ing

more, in such a tone, Hark! hear the mob! This way they come! Re - bel - lion is be - gin- ning

mad !

A. S.

Enter PIETRO.

now !

Be careful, gentle-men, and not make a mis-

CHORUS OF MEN.

LOTTERINGHI, LAMBERTUCCIO. (*outside.*)

In this hot chase, let that scoundrel novel - ist es-cape us not ! . . . .

fp

p

BOCCACCIO, LEONETTO, STUDENTS.

(*Exit all.*)

What is that ? What trouble ? What is that ? There's trouble !

- take !

What is that ? What trouble ? What is that ? There's trouble !

LOTTER. LAMB. AND CHORUS OF MEN.

Enter PIETRO, *followed by all the principals, except* FIAMETTA, FRATELLI, *and* SCALZA, *and then by full Chorus.*

Hold him and beat him, now we have found him, do not let him

B. L. S.

Who is it? Who is he? Who is it? What's all this?

SCAL.

Who is it? Who is he? Who is it? What's all this?

PIETRO.

You're wrong? I told you so, I'm not Boccac - ci - o!

go!....

fp *p*

PIETRO.

You're wrong! You're wrong! No! No! 'Tis a mis -

We're glad we've caught at last the fel - low, We'll beat him black and yel- low; We'll beat him, we'll kill him, yes, put him to

f *cres.*

Bocç. Leon. Student.

Ha! The stranger?

- take! I say you're wrong, and you must let me go, I'm

death! Take that! and that! Now take that, for your "Spi - nel - loc - ci - o," and that, now

death! Take that! and that! Now take that, for your "Spi - nel - loc - ci - o," and that, now

con forza. *ff*

yes! yes! For Boc - cac - - - cio they take him! They've made a great mis-

not, I say I'm not Boc-cac- ci - o! So hear me! Now hear me! So then a-

take for "Zep - pa" and your oth- er books of lies! Take that! Here are some further blows, in honor

take for "Zep - pa" and your oth-er books! Take that! Take that! Take further blows, in honor

-take! What a mis- take! The dun - ces make a great mis-

-buse me not, You'll be sor -ry, men of Flor - ence; Know that you're getting my abhorrence; Stand aside! Stand aside!

of your "Buf -folmaceo" "Calandrin," "To - rel - lo," "Ca - ri-sendi," "Saladin," Take that, and that, and

take that, take that,

BEATRICE.

Come here! come here! They have a pris - on - er! And he is a stran-

BOCC., LEON., STUDENT.

-take! Boc- cac - cio it is not! Be - ware! Take

PIETRO.

This is too much! I must re - fuse the hon - or

CHORUS OF WOMEN.

Come here! come here! They have a pris- on - er! And he is a stran-

that, take that, take that now, on ac-count, Till we can ren- der full amount! You'll not write more ly - ing tales,

and that, Take that now, on ac-count, Till we can ren - der full a-mount! You'll write no ly - ing tales, Re-

ff

Bea.

- ger! A stranger, and he is in dan - ger great!.....

Bocc. Leo. St.

care! You will re - pent this work!..... .

Enter Scalza.

Hold! hold! now be

Pietro.

paid! I must de - cline! I'm not the man!.....

Wom. Ch.

- ger! A stranger, and he is in dan - ger great!.....

-mem- ber what we say to you, Take that, now, ere we part!.....

Ped. ✻

Scalza.

si - lent, all, I say! Stop, and I'll tell you the reason! You are guil - ty of high trea - son! This man

is Paler - mo's Prince! He is!

BEATRICE, ALL THE WOMEN AND CHORUS.

He the Prince, is't so? He the Prince, is't so?

He the Prince, is't so? He the Prince, is't so?

f

Andante. M.M. ♩ = 80. (*All remove hats, and bow to* PIETRO.)

SCAL. PIETRO,

'Tis true! I am a Prince! As now you know! For Scal - za there, has told you

p

Piu Andante.

BEATRICE.

so! Revealed is my in - cog - ni - to, And I am not Boc - cac-ci - o! He is a

BEA.

Prince!..... Pa- lermo's Prince!..... In-cog - ni - to, and yet he is a gentle

BOCC.

He is a Prince! Pa- ler-mo's Prince! 'Tis not Boc - cac - ci-

ISAB.

He is a Prince! Pa- ler-mo's Prince! In- cog- ni - to was

LOTTER.

He is a Prince! Pa- ler-mo's Prince! In- cog- ni - to was

LEON.

Prince! He is a Prince! See! He is not Boccacci- o! There's only one Boc-cac- ci - o! This man is not Boc-

-o! I might have told them so, It was a Prince in-cog- ni - to, And it was not Boccacci-

he, what a mis - take! Yes! he is a Prince! Yes! he is a

he, what a mis - take! It was a Prince in-cog- ni - to! And it was not Boccacci-

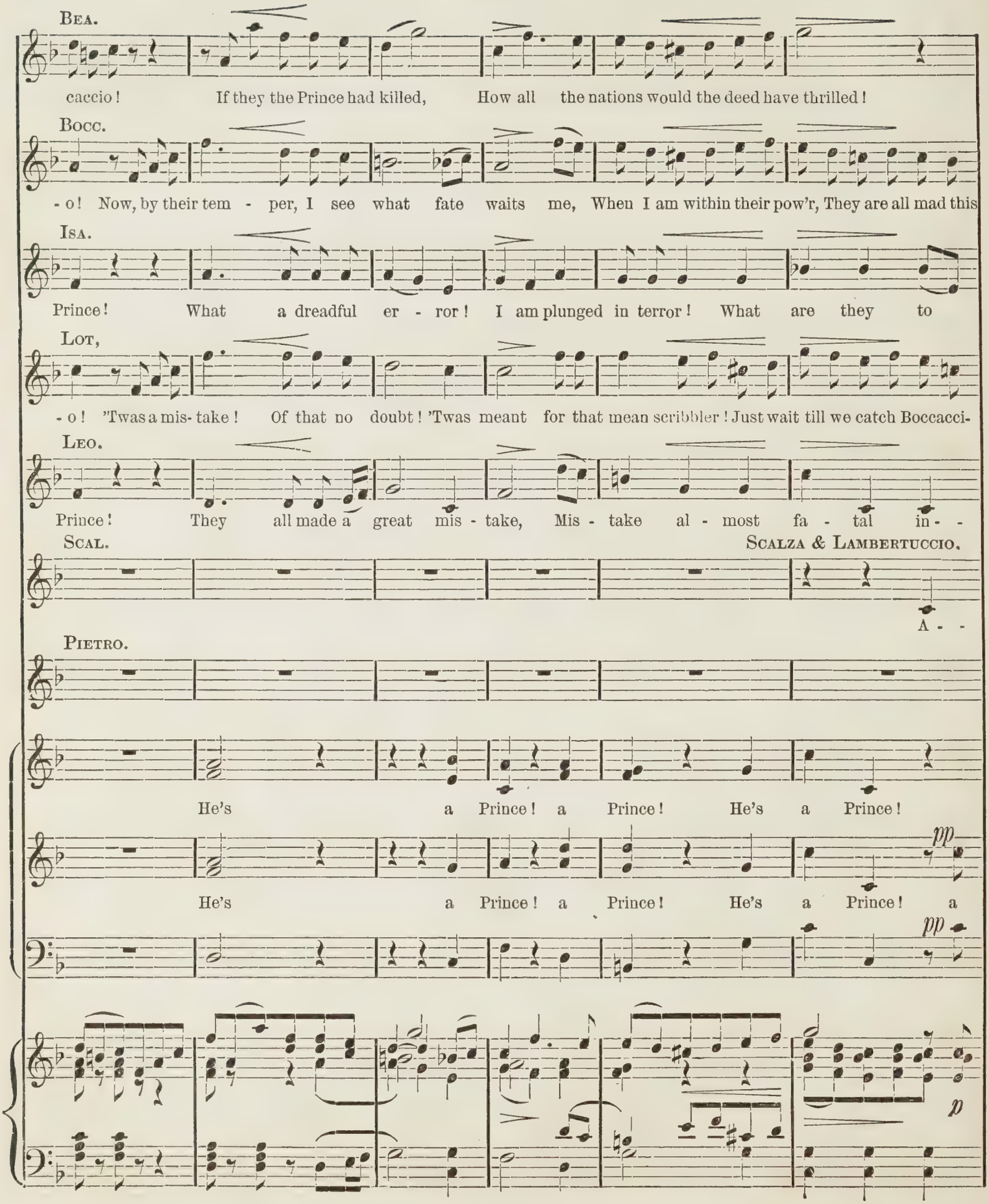
he, It was such a mis - take! Yes! he is a Prince! Yes! he is a

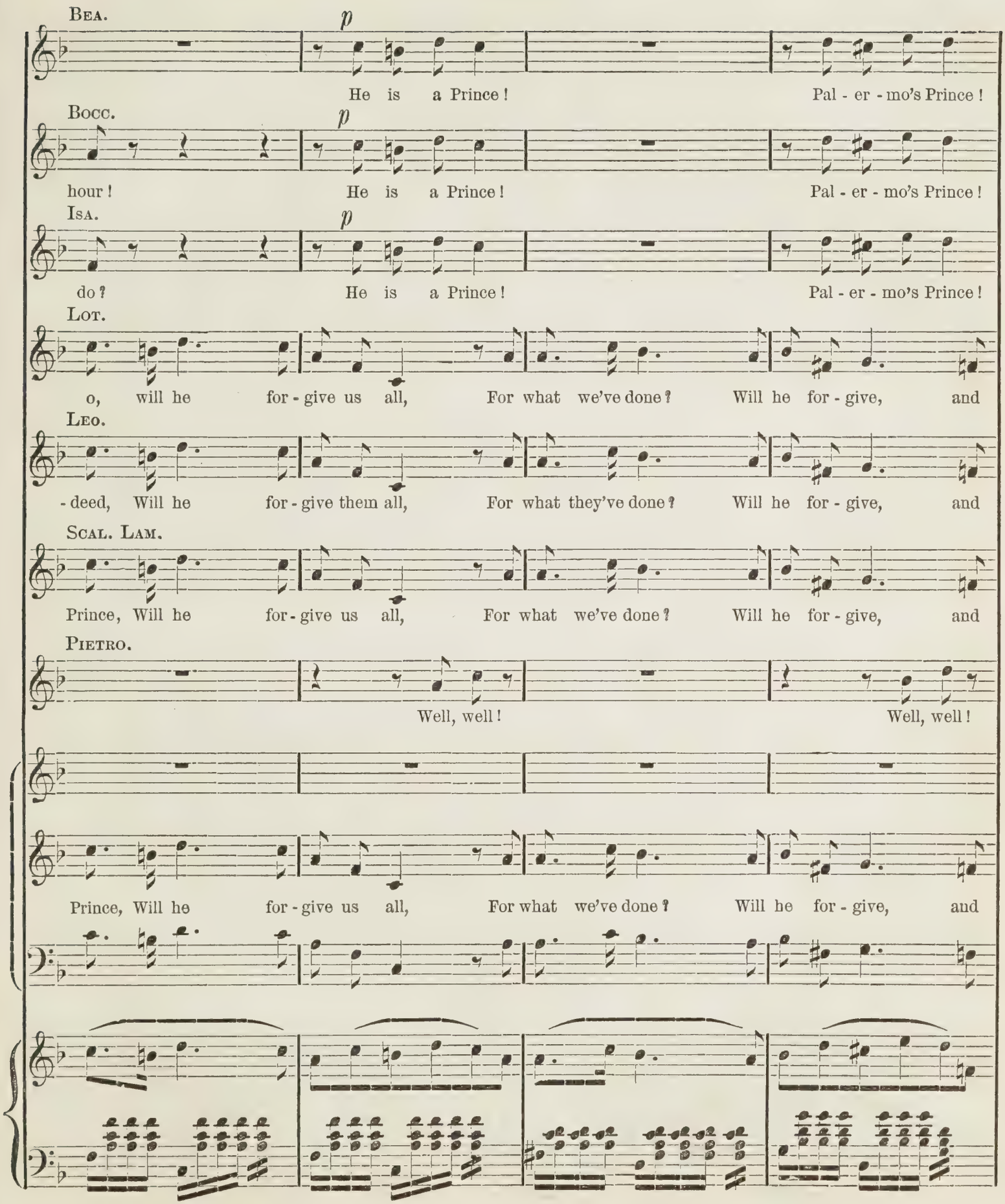
pp Yes! Prince!

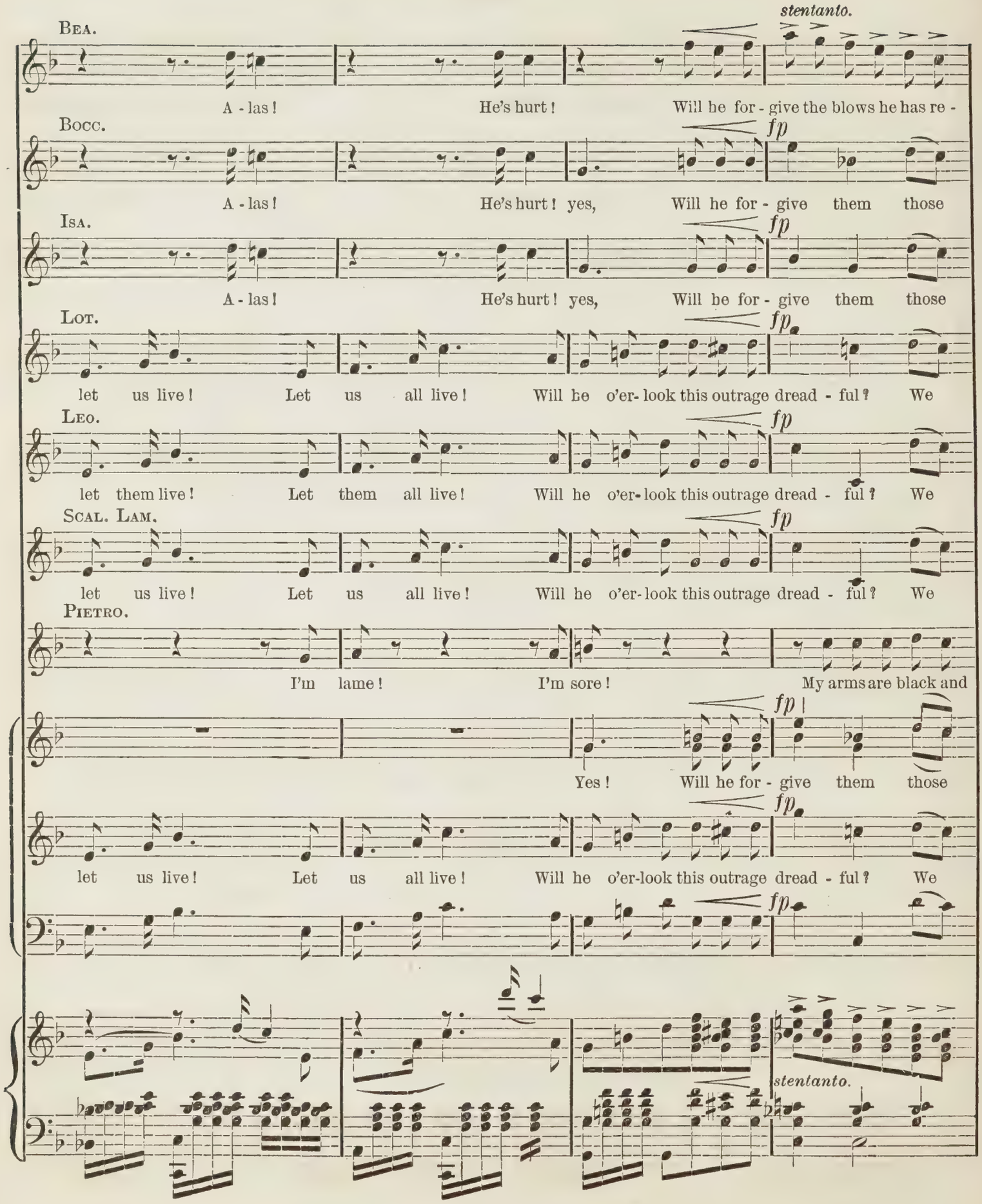
Yes! Prince!

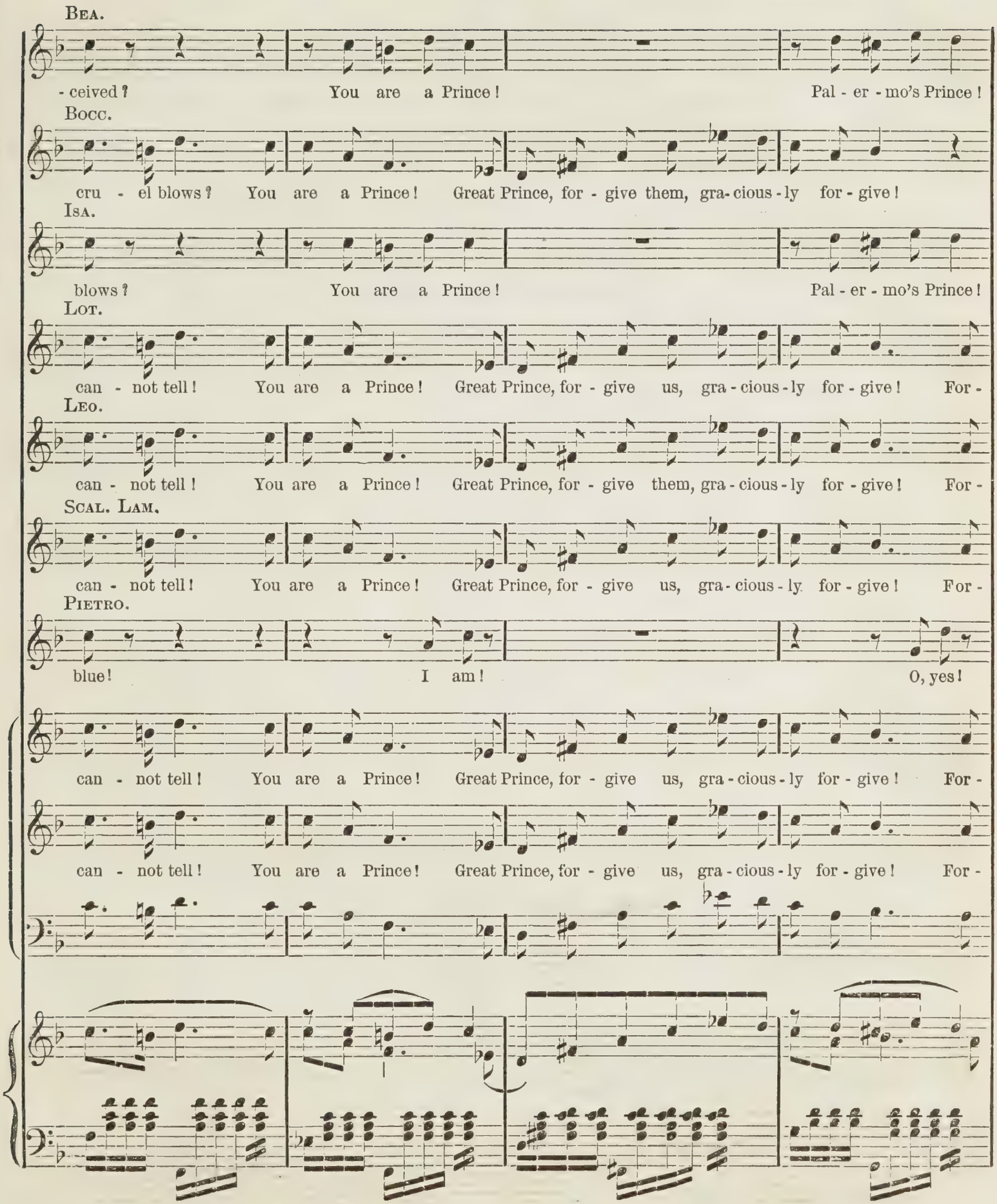
pp

pp


Bea.
caccio! If they the Prince had killed, How all the nations would the deed have thrilled!
Bocc.
-o! Now, by their tem - per, I see what fate waits me, When I am within their pow'r, They are all mad this
Isa.
Prince! What a dreadful er - ror! I am plunged in terror! What are they to
Lot,
-o! 'Twas a mis- take! Of that no doubt! 'Twas meant for that mean scribbler! Just wait till we catch Boccacci-
Leo.
Prince! They all made a great mis - take, Mis - take al - most fa - tal in - -
Scal.
Scalza & Lambertuccio.
A - -
Pietro.
He's a Prince! a Prince! He's a Prince!
He's a Prince! a Prince! He's a Prince! a
pp
pp
p


Bea.
p
He is a Prince! Pal - er - mo's Prince!
Bocc.
p
hour! He is a Prince! Pal - er - mo's Prince!
Isa.
p
do? He is a Prince! Pal - er - mo's Prince!
Lot.
o, will he for - give us all, For what we've done? Will he for - give, and
Leo.
- deed, Will he for - give them all, For what they've done? Will he for - give, and
Scal. Lam.
Prince, Will he for - give us all, For what we've done? Will he for - give, and
Pietro.
Well, well! Well, well!
Prince, Will he for - give us all, For what we've done? Will he for - give, and


stentanto.
Bea.
A - las! He's hurt! Will he for - give the blows he has re -
Bocc.
fp
A - las! He's hurt! yes, Will he for - give them those
Isa.
fp
A - las! He's hurt! yes, Will he for - give them those
Lot.
fp
let us live! Let us all live! Will he o'er- look this outrage dread - ful? We
Leo.
fp
let them live! Let them all live! Will he o'er- look this outrage dread - ful? We
Scal. Lam.
fp
let us live! Let us all live! Will he o'er- look this outrage dread - ful? We
Pietro.
I'm lame! I'm sore! My arms are black and
fp
Yes! Will he for - give them those
fp
let us live! Let us all live! Will he o'er-look this outrage dread - ful? We
fp
stentanto.


Bea.
- ceived? You are a Prince! Pal - er - mo's Prince!
Bocc.
cru - el blows? You are a Prince! Great Prince, for - give them, gra - cious - ly for - give!
Isa.
blows? You are a Prince! Pal - er - mo's Prince!
Lot.
can - not tell! You are a Prince! Great Prince, for - give us, gra - cious - ly for - give! For -
Leo.
can - not tell! You are a Prince! Great Prince, for - give them, gra - cious - ly for - give! For -
Scal. Lam.
can - not tell! You are a Prince! Great Prince, for - give us, gra - cious - ly for - give! For -
Pietro.
blue! I am! O, yes!
can - not tell! You are a Prince! Great Prince, for - give us, gra - cious - ly for - give! For -
can - not tell! You are a Prince! Great Prince, for - give us, gra - cious - ly for - give! For -

Bea.

O, yes, yes! He is willing to for - give them! Yes! They are all forgiv'n! Noble Prince!

Bocc.

Ah!..... He will for - give them! They are for - giv - en! No - ble

Isa.

I am sure that he will for - give them! They're for - - giv'n! No - ble

Lot,

- give us for the great mis - take we've made! We are for - - giv'n! No - ble

Leo.

- give them for the great mis - take they've made! They are for - - giv'n! No - ble

Scal. Lam.

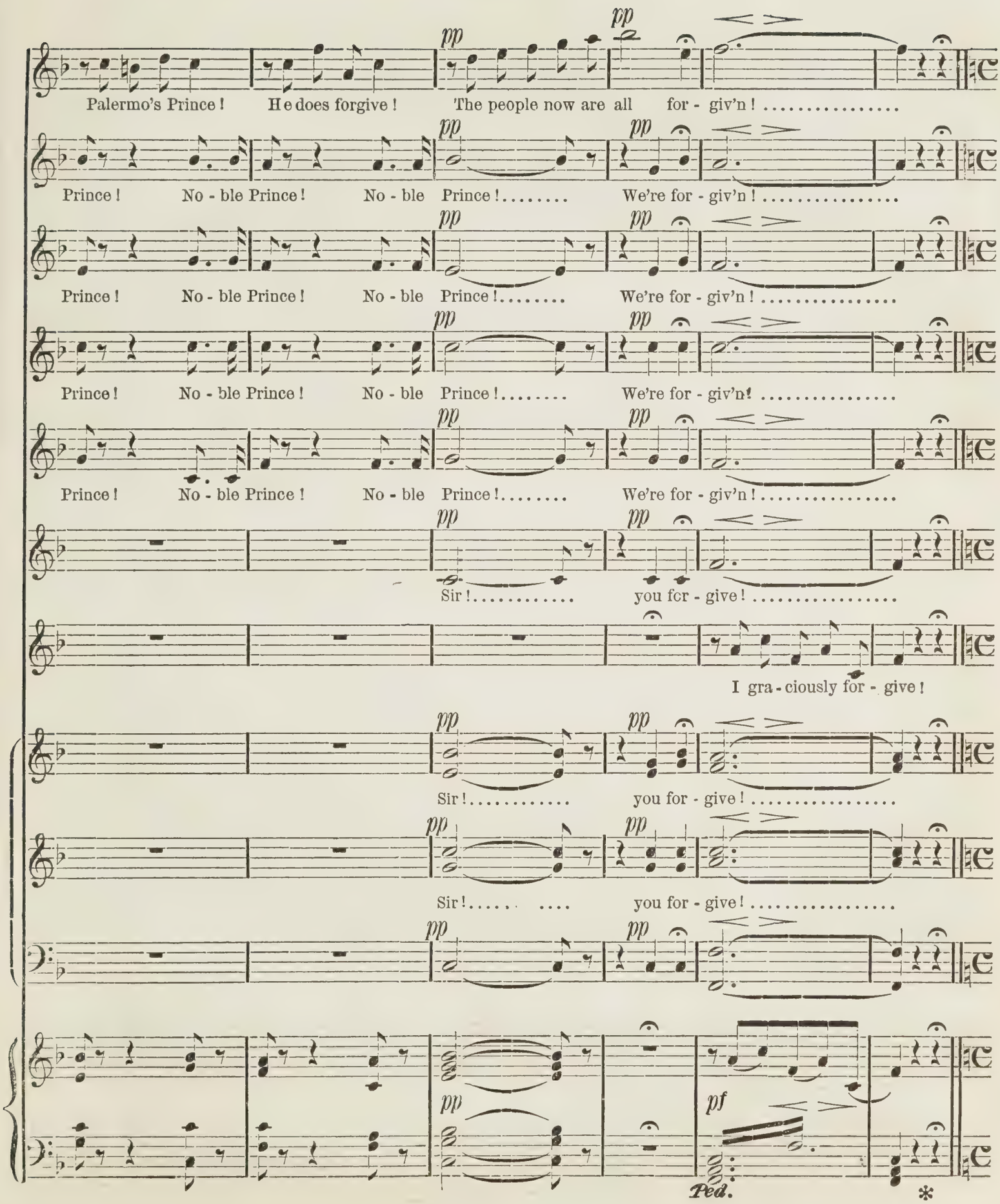
- give us for the great mis - take we've made! We are for - - giv'n!

Pietro.

O, yes! I will for - give! I'll for - - give!

- give us for the great mis - take that we have made! We are for - - giv'n!

- give us for the great mis - take that we have made! We are for - - giv'n!


pp
Palermo's Prince! He does forgive! The people now are all for - giv'n! .....
Prince! No - ble Prince! No - ble Prince!..... We're for - giv'n! .....
Prince! No - ble Prince! No - ble Prince!..... We're for - giv'n! .....
Prince! No - ble Prince! No - ble Prince!..... We're for - giv'n! .....
Prince! No - ble Prince! No - ble Prince!..... We're for - giv'n! .....
Sir!..... you for - give! .....
I gra - ciously for - give!
Sir!..... you for - give! .....
Sir!..... you for - give! .....
pf
Ped.
*

Enter FRATELLI.

Alla breve quasi ad libitum.

Allegro. M.M. ♩ = 144.

Here are new nov- els ! Here's the latest novels ! Will you not buy ?

RECIT. LOTTERINGHI.

Boccaccio's books ! 'Tis shameful! He shall not sell those

fp *colla voce.*

a tempo.

RECIT.

a tempo.

books ! You will help me destroy them ! I know that by your looks !

WOMEN AND STUDENTS.

BEATRICE, ISABELLA. Sopr. I. BOCCACCIO. Sopr. II.

ff

He's com - ing ! he's com - ing ! They'll burn the

LAMBERTUCCIO. Ten. I. SCALZA. Ten. II.

ff

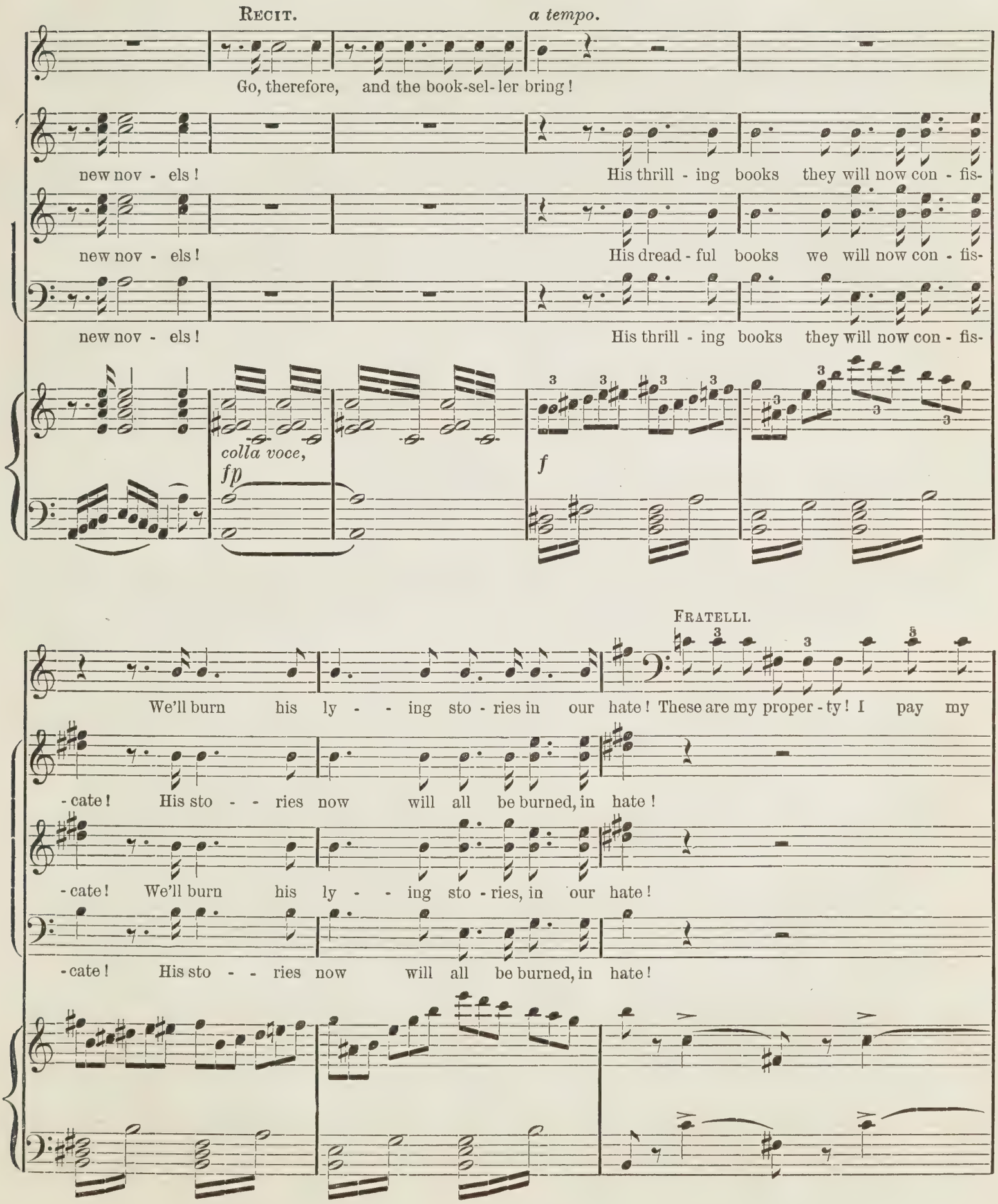
He's com - ing ! he's com - ing ! Burn up his

LEONETTO, PIETRO. Basso.

ff

He's com - ing ! he's com - ing ! They'll burn the

ff *fp* *p* *ff*


Recit.
a tempo.
Go, therefore, and the book-sel-ler bring!
new nov - els! His thrill - ing books they will now con - fis-
new nov - els! His dread - ful books we will now con - fis-
new nov - els! His thrill - ing books they will now con - fis-
colla voce,
fp
f
Fratelli.
We'll burn his ly - - ing sto - ries in our hate! These are my proper - ty! I pay my
- cate! His sto - - ries now will all be burned, in hate!
- cate! We'll burn his ly - - ing sto - ries, in our hate!
- cate! His sto - - ries now will all be burned, in hate!

FRATELLI. *(The bookseller's cart is taken away from him, and its contents piled up in the square.)*

tax, Be careful now, and use no vi - olence, For I am not guilty of an of - fence.

Hear them! They rage! Hold! and leave the novels to their

LOTTERINGHI. Tenor 1.

Hold him! Hold him! Hold! and leave the novels to their

Hear them! They rage! Hold! and leave the novels to their

(Exit FRATELLI, *hustled by the crowd.)*

fate!

fate!

fate!

LOTTERINGHI.

Quickly come, before we lose our ire, Let some beggar now come and light the fire. (*The books are set on fire.*)

f

Be still! Before they lose their ire, they'll

f

Come on! Before we lose our ire, we'll

f

Be still! Before they lose their ire, they'll

sfz

BOCCACCIO. *ad libitum.*

They may burn up all my novels, Yet in palaces and hovels, My truths re-

let some beggar go and light the fire!

let some beggar go and light the fire!

let some beggar go and light the fire!

mf

Allegro. Alla breve ben marcato e maestoso. M. M. ♩ = 96.

LOTTER. LAMB. AND SCALZA.

- main, Pu - ri - fied they rise a - gain! Thus do we burn them, Thus do all good people

mf

spurn them, Thus we shall pun - ish the au - thor by and by, Soon as we shall find him, Yes!

He shall not write lies!.... Per - ish he then as his new books do, in flames!

BOCCACCIO, LEONETTO, PIETRO AND STUDENTS.

See now the peo - - ple; What a migh - ty both - - er! Can they im - ag - - ine

LOTTERINGHI, LAMB. SCALZA.

Let the bad novels burn!

He will write no oth - - er? Tho' books may burn, Yet the truth lives for e'er.....

Let the bad novels burn!

f

Truth can thus never burn! Truth can thus never burn! Truth can thus never burn! Can thus never

f

Thus let the vile books burn! Thus let the vile books burn!

CHORUS.

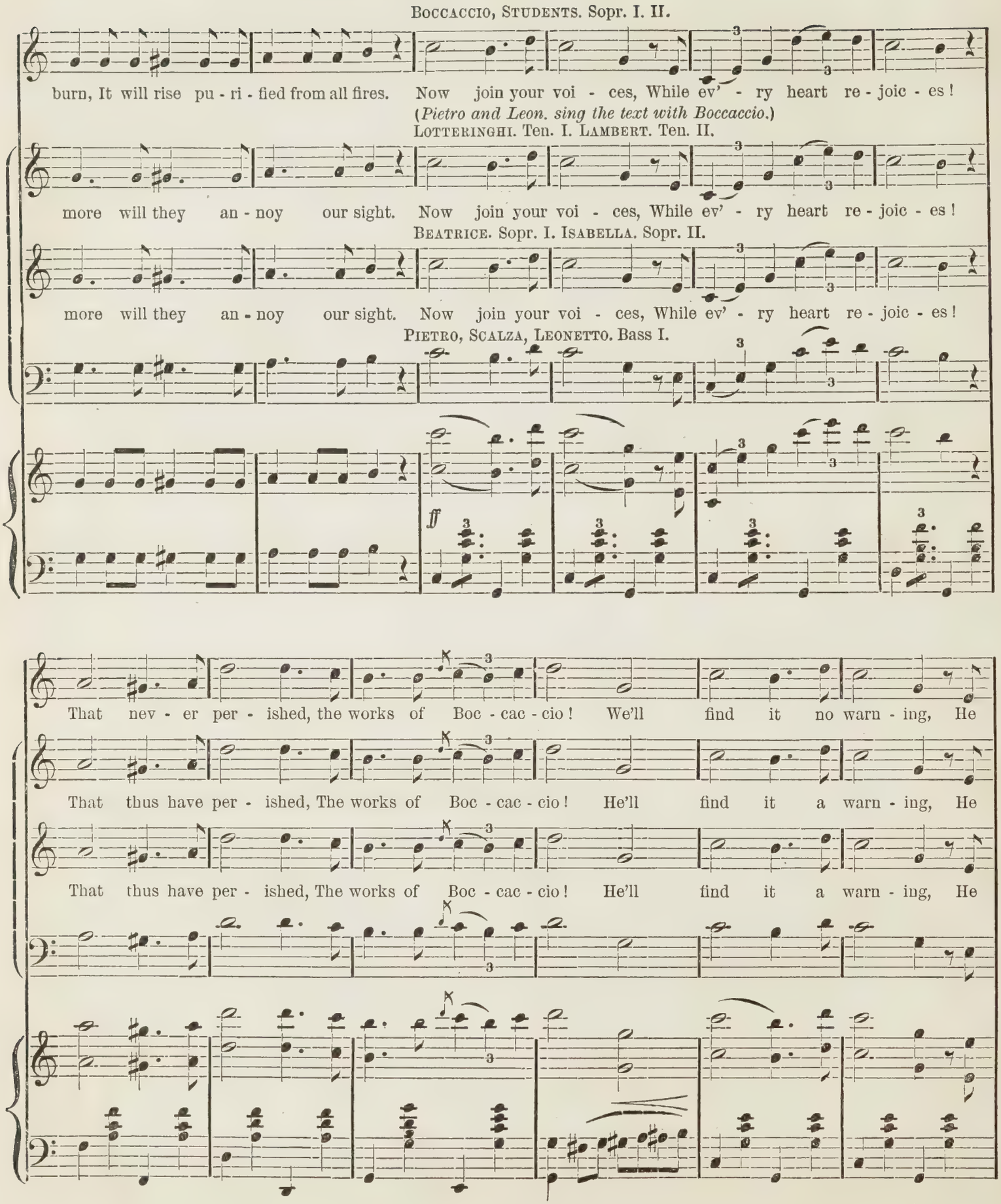
f

Thus let the vile books burn! Thus let the vile books burn! Let them burn! Nev-er

f

Thus let the vile books burn! Thus let the vile books burn! Let them burn! Nev-er

f


Boccaccio, Students. Sopr. I. II.
burn, It will rise pu - ri - fied from all fires. Now join your voi - ces, While ev' - ry heart re - joic - es!
(Pietro and Leon. sing the text with Boccaccio.)
Lotteringhi. Ten. I. Lambert. Ten. II.
more will they an - noy our sight. Now join your voi - ces, While ev' - ry heart re - joic - es!
Beatrice. Sopr. I. Isabella. Sopr. II.
more will they an - noy our sight. Now join your voi - ces, While ev' - ry heart re - joic - es!
Pietro, Scalza, Leonetto. Bass I.
ff
That nev - er per - ished, the works of Boc - cac - cio! We'll find it no warn - ing, He
That thus have per - ished, The works of Boc - cac - cio! He'll find it a warn - ing, He
That thus have per - ished, The works of Boc - cac - cio! He'll find it a warn - ing, He

now will write some more! Truth ev - er more! Sure - ly he. . . will write some

now shall write no more! He'll write no more! Surely he now will write no

now shall write no more! He'll write no more! Surely he now will write no

now shall write no more! He'll write no more! Surely he now will write no

ff

more! Let them burn! Now let them burn! Let all the pa - per burn, and in - to

ff

more! See them burn! Now let them burn! Let all the pa - per burn, and in - to

ff

more! See them burn! Now let them burn! Let all the pa - per burn, and in - to

ff

more! Let flames consume, Let that be their doom! He who does of scandals dare thus to write, Shall perish on this

ff

ash - es now turn, The po - et's name, and the po - et's fame!

ash - es now turn, The po - et's name, and the po - et's shame!

ash - es now turn, The po - et's name, and the po - et's shame!

night — and to ash - es turn, Flames con - sume, 'Tis his doom! See the flames now ris - ing!

And tho' the books may burn, to ash - es turn, Truth can nev - er die!..... No!.....

See, now they per - ish, and to ash - es turn, All the au - thor's fame!..... Yes!.....

See, now they per - ish, and to ash - es turn, All the au - thor's fame!..... Yes!.....

ff

ff

.... Truth, the migh - ty truth, Shall rise at last, 'Tis pu - ri - fied by ev' - ry blast!

.... Truth, the migh - ty truth, Shall rise at last, 'Tis pu - ri - fied by ev' - ry blast!

.... Truth, the migh - ty truth, Shall rise at last, 'Tis pu - ri - fied by ev' - ry blast!

ff

8va

ff

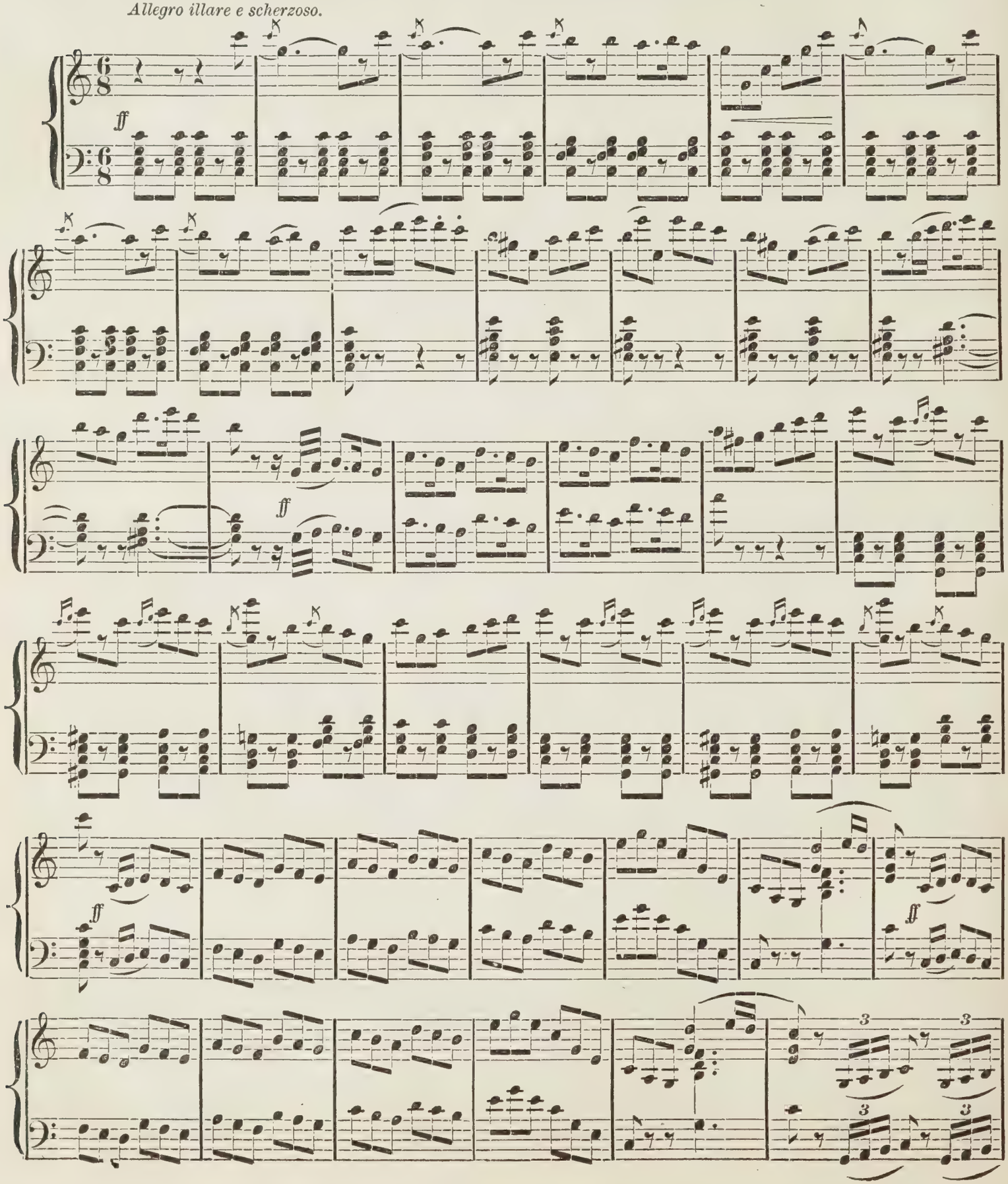
Fine del Atto I.

No. 9.

ACT SECOND.

SCENE.—*The houses and gardens of* LOTTERINGHI *and* LAMBERTUCCIO. *The stage is divided by a high wall, separating the two estates. In front of* LOTTERINGHI'S *house are barrels and the tools of a cooper's shop. In front of* LAMBERTUCCIO'S *house is an olive tree. At the rise of curtain the stage is dark, but gradually becomes more light.*

Allegro illare e scherzoso.



Enter BOCCACCIO, LEONETTO, PIETRO, *and* STUDENTS.

ALWAYS IN TWOS OR IN THREES.

Boccaccio, Pietro, Leonetto, and Students.

No. 9a. STUDENT'S SONG.

1. STUDENTS. For pleas - ure, for pleas - ure, We ga - ther here to - day, For pleas - ure, for pleas - ure, We ga - ther here to - day. In drink - ing wine t is jol - ly, If three join in our fol - ly, We nev - er drink a - lone! Always in
2. BOCCACCIO. I love a fair maid - en, Fia - met - ta is her name, With gra - ces she's la - den, From E - den - land she came! We have good friends in plen - ty, Com - pan - ions by the twen - ty, We sel - dom are a - lone! Always in
3. PIETRO. A lark now I'm liv - ing, A - mong these stu - dents gay, My fa - ther de - ceiv - ing— Yet I can't go a - way. The time so quick - ly go - ing, The days so swift - ly flow - ing, Days do not pass a - lone! Always in
4. LEONETTO. The time don't re - gret, for To us it's on - ly lent, Ah! if 't were our own we Would see it bet - ter spent! But there's one con - sol- a - tion, The peo - ple through the na - tion Are wast - ing time the same! Always in
5. ALL. For pleas - ure, for pleas - ure, We ga - ther here to day, For pleas - ure, for pleas - ure, We ga - ther here to - day. In drink - ing wine 't is jol - ly, If three join in our fol - ly, We nev - er drink a - lone! Always in

p *pp*

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STUDENTS.

twos, or in threes, or in fours, or in fives, yes, but nev - er a - lone! Al - ways in

p *cres.*

twos, or in threes, or in fours, or in fives, yes, but nev - er a - lone!

ff

(*At the close of song,* STUDENTS *retire to cooper's yard.* BOCCACCIO *stands before* FIAMETTA'S *window;* LEONETTO, *before* PERONELLA'S; *and* PIETRO, *before* ISABELLA'S.)

BOCC. (*To* PRINCE.) This is the place, your Highness.

PIETRO. Stay; no Highness, if you please. I am a *student* here. Remember. Here I am Alessandro.

BOCC. Well, then, dear Alessandro, here lives Isabella, the beautiful niece of the cooper.

PIETRO. She shall be the heroine of my first romance!

BOCC. Yonder lives my own love, Fiametta. (*To* LEONETTO) Your sweetheart, Leonetto, also dwells there.

LEON. That old maid! Thanks! Well, I will flirt with her a little, just for fun.

BOCC. Let us serenade them!

I'D BE A STAR.

No. 10. SERENADE. Boccaccio, Leonetto, and Pietro.

Andantino. M.M. ♩= 69.

p *dolce.*

BOCCACCIO. (*before* FIAMETTA'S *window.*) (FIAMETTA *appears at window.*)

I'd be a star, in Heaven's e- ther shin - ing: I'd gaze on thee, and be thy tho'ts di-

PIETRO. (*before* ISABELLA'S *window.*) (ISABELLA *appears at window.*)

- vin - ing! I'd be a glove, thy fair white hand caress- ing, A lit - tle glove, thy ta - per fin - gers

LEONETTO. (*before* PERONELLA'S *window.*) (PERON. *appears at window.*)

pressing! I cast my eyes up to thy window glad - ly; But to make love to thee I should feel

Oh, hear our pray- er now, Oh, hear our pray- er now, as we so hum- bly

Oh, hear our pray - er now, Oh, hear our pray- er now, hear us

sad - ly Oh, hear! Oh, hear! Oh, hear now our

pf

bow! Oh, hear our pray - er now, as we so hum- bly bow! pray, hear our sup - pli - ca - tion

now! Oh, hear our pray - er now, as we so hum- bly bow! pray, hear our sup - pli - ca - tion

pray- er now, as we so hum - - - - - bly, hum - - - - - bly

fp

now ! Oh, let us not pray in vain ! Love once lost comes not a-

now ! Oh, let us not pray in vain !

bow !

p

- gain ! Let us not then pray in vain ! Love once lost comes not a- gain !

Love once lost comes not again ! Let us not then pray in vain ! Love once lost comes not again !

Love once lost comes not a-

List! we are in - ter - ced - ing, We are plead - -

Let us not then pray in vain! Love once lost comes not again! Let us not then pray in vain!

- gain! Let us not then pray in vain! Love once lost comes not again! Let us not then pray in

- ing! Let us not pray in vain! Love lost comes not a - gain! Oh, hear our pray- er now, as we so humbly

Let us not pray in vain! Love lost comes not a - gain! Oh, hear our pray- er now, hear our

vain! Oh, hear! Oh, hear! Oh, hear our pray -

pf

rit.

bow! We bow; Oh, hear our sup - pli - ca - tion now, Oh, hear our suppli- ca - tion now!

rit.

pray - er now, Oh, hear our sup - pli - ca - tion, now, Oh, hear our suppli- ca - tion now!

rit.

- er now, Oh, hear, oh, hear our pray - - er now!

fp

Ped. ✻

Now we pray to thee! Yes!..... on bend- ed knee!

Now we pray to thee on bended knee! Yes!..... on bend- ed knee!

Now we pray to thee on bended knee! Yes!..... on bend- ed knee!

pp

(LOTTERINGHI'S *voice outside.*) LOTT. Get up!

FIAM. My father!

PERON. 'Tis brother!

ISAB. My husband!

[FIAMETTA, PERONELLA, *and* ISABELLA *leave windows.*]

BOCC. We must be off. Follow me! (*Exit* BOCC., LEON., PIETRO *and* STUDENTS.)

[*Enter* LOTTER., FRESCO *and* JOURNEYMEN.]

LOTTER. (*To journeymen.*) Get up, you lazy fellows!

ISAB. (*Reappears at window. To* LOTTER.—*quarrelling.*) It's your fault!

FRESCO. Donna Isabella!

ISAB. (*To* LOTTER.) Go on with your work.

FRESCO. (*To* LOTTER.) We must silence her with our remedy.

LOTTER. (*To* FRESCO.) Ah, yes; the song!

ISAB. (*At window, still quarrelling.*) Go to work You don't care for *empty* barrels. You like *full* ones!

LOTTER. Now for my battle-song!

COOPER'S SONG AND CHORUS.

No. 11. Lotteringhi and Chorus of Journeymen.

Allegro deciso. M.M. = 100.

LOTTERINGHI. (*Near barrel, with hammer in hand.*)

CHORUS OF JOURNEYMEN.

TENOR.

BASS.

f

tr

Each
Her

day my wife is scold-ing me, 'tis her de - light; To stop her voice from ringing, I
nerves are so un-stead-y, that she can - not bear To hear my ham-mer ringing, Nor

p

tr

have to try my singing, And oft my "tra la la la".... brings her to terms, Hurrah! } Tra la la
yet my jov - ial singing, My mer- ry "tra la la la".... means vic - to - ry, Hurrah! } Tra la la

la la la la la oi - o - he, oi - o - ha, la la ra la la la la la tra la la

p

Chorus of Journeymen.

la tra la la la tra la ra la la la la la oi - o - he, oi - o - he, la la ra

Tra la ra la la la la la oi - o - he, oi - o - he la la ra

mf *cres.*

la la la la la, tra la la la, tra la la la!.....

la la la la la, tra la la la, tra la la la, tra la, tra la, tra la, tra la!

la la la la la, tra la la la, tra la la la, tra la, tra la, tra la, tra la!

f

But if she still doth tease,.... I can stop her with ease,.... So don - ning this ap- parel, I
If questions she doth ask,..... I beat up- on my cask,.... And thus I drown her clamor, By

mf *f* *p* *f* *p* *f*

beat up - on my barrel! 'Tis thus I pound, and pound, and pound, Till she can- not be found!
pounding with my hammer! And thus I stop her tongue, her tongue, When I my song have sung!

p *f*

LOTTERINGHI and JOURNEYMEN. (*All keeping time with hammers upon barrels as they sing.*)

Bum - ti ra - pa - ta, bum - ti ra - pa - ta, bum - ti, bum - ti, bum - ti ra- pa - ta,

p

bum - ti ra - pa - ta, bum - ti ra- pa - ta, bum - ti, bum - ti, bum - ti bum!

Bum - ti ra - pa - ta, bum - ti ra - pa - ta, bum - ti, bum - ti, bum - ti ra- pa - ta,

Bum - ti ra - pa - ta, bum - ti ra - pa - ta, bum - ti, bum - ti, bum - ti ra- pa - ta,

ff

bum - ti ra - pa - ta, bum - ti ra- pa - ta, bum - ti, bum - ti, bum - ti bum!

bum - ti ra - pa - ta, bum - ti ra- pa - ta, bum - ti, bum - ti, bum - ti bum!

There - fore the coop - er, of all men, he The hap - pi - est man can be!

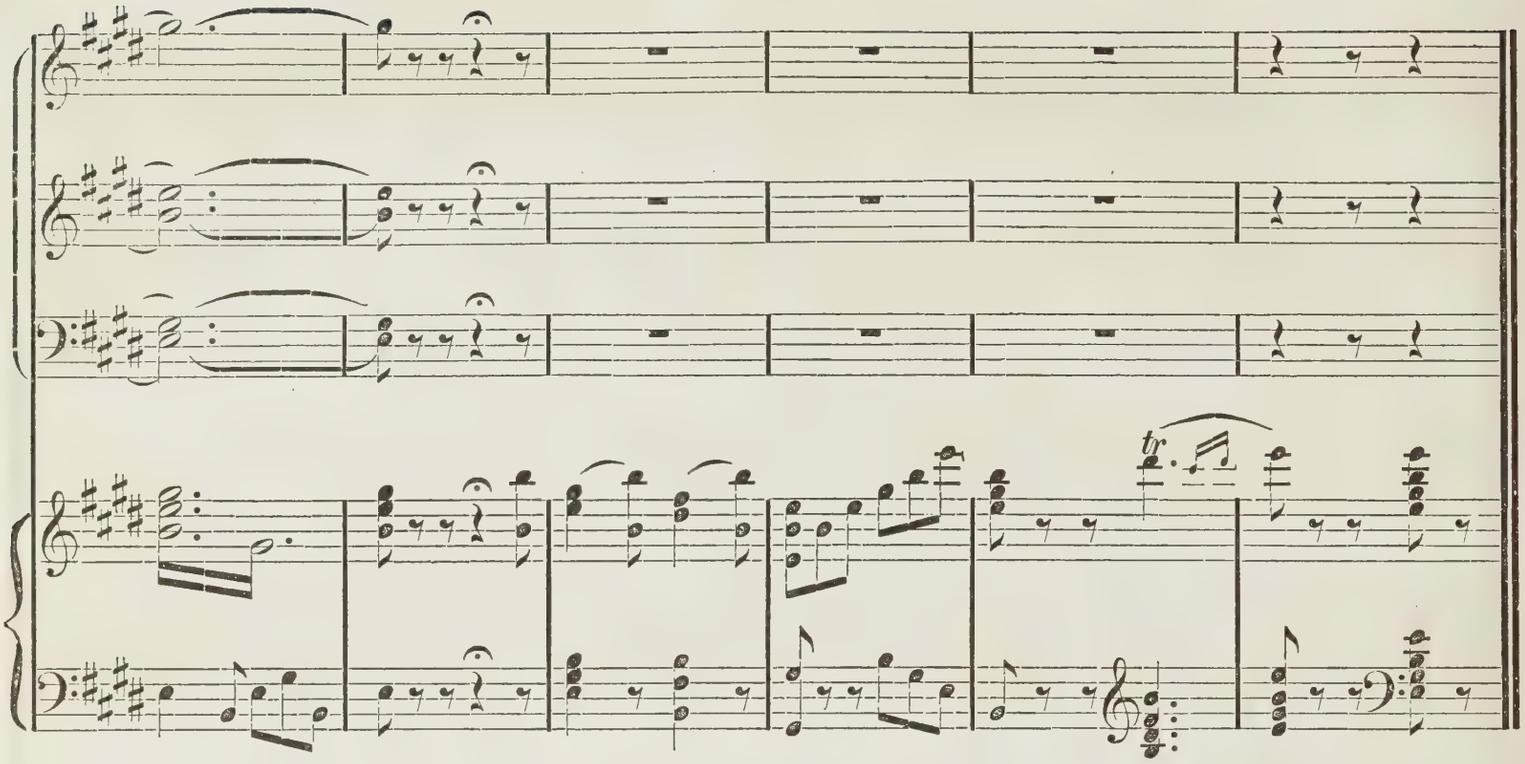
There - fore the coop - er, of all men, he The hap - pi - est man can be!

There - fore the coop - er, of all men, he The hap - pi - est man can be!

There - fore the coop - er, of all men, he the hap - pi - est man can be!.... .....

There - fore the coop - er, of all men, he the hap - pi - est man can be! .....

There - fore the coop - er, of all men, he the hap - pi - est man can be!.....



ISAB. You drunkards, I'll beat you! (*Goes from widow.*)
[*Enter* LAMB.]

LAMB. What a noise! Lotteringhi, I can't get any sleep, You keep up such a clatter!

LOTTER. Forgive me, neighbor; but I had to beat off an evil eye.

LAMB. An evil eye? Where

LOTTER. She's gone now. More of an evil tongue than an eye.

LAMB. Was it a black eye? I knew there would be trouble when I broke that tumbler last night.

LOTTER. Was the glass empty? (*Aside.*) I drank more than you did. By the way, I'm very dry. Let's go over to the public house. (*To* JOURNEYMEN.) Come, roll that barrel over to the public house. I have sold it. (*To* LAMB.) You understand?

LAMB. Yes, I'll be there. I must first speak to my sister about gathering my olives. Peronella!

PERON. (*In house.*) Well?

LAMB. Has the young man come to help get in the olives?

PERON. No!

LAMB. That is strange. I must have those olives harvested. An interrupted harvest brings bad luck.

LOTTER. Wait a moment. You are a coward, you grocer. Your sister browbeats you. You haven't as much courage as your own butter.

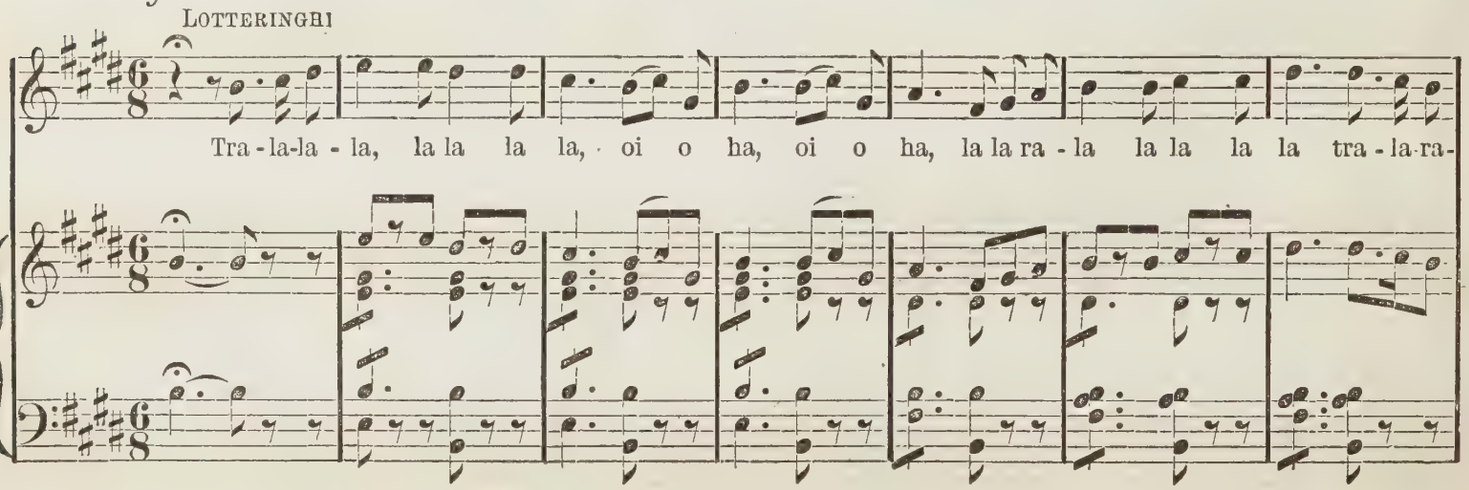
LAMB. I'm as brave as you, Mr. Rednose!
(*Exit* LAMB. *into his house.*)

LOTTER. Ha! ha! (*To journeymen.*) Come, boys, get the wagon ready. I will go with you.
(*Exit* FRESCO.) (*Exit* LOTTER *and* JOURNEYMEN.)

No. 11 a. CHORUS of Lotteringhi and Journeymen. (*as they exit.*)

Allegro deciso.

LOTTERINGHI



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- la, tra - la-la - la, Tra - la-ra - la, la la la la, oi - o - ha oi - o - ha la la ra

CHORUS. TENOR.

Tra - la-ra - la, la la la la, oi - o - ha oi - o - ha la la ra

BASS.

Tra - la-ra - la, la la la la, oi - o - ha oi - o - ha la la ra

mf *cres.*

la la la la la tra - la-la - la, tra - la-la - la! .....

la la la la la, tra - la-la - la, tra - la-la - la, tra-la, tra - la, tra-la, tra - la!

la la la la la, tra - la-la - la, tra - la-la - la, tra-la, tra - la, tra-la, tra - la!

f

I HAVE A WELCOME LETTER HERE.

No. 12. LETTER TRIO.

(*During the singing of this TRIO,* FIAMETTA, ISABELLA *and* PERONELLA *are each reading letters.*)

[*Enter* BOCC.]

BOCC. (*Aside.*) May the goddess of love prove propitious! Now to write those letters. (*Exit* BOCC. *Enter* ISAB.)

ISAB. I knew he would go and get drunk again. Where is a stick? When you come rolling home, like one of your own barrels, I will be ready for you! (*Enter* PERON.)

PERON. Come, Fiametta. It is so pleasant this morning that you may bring your work out here. (*To* ISAB.) Good morning. You are early.

ISAB. Yes. I was looking for a stick, as my husband needs a warning! Isn't it a beautiful day?

PERON. I'm afraid we shall have a thunder-shower.

[BOCC. *enters, goes behind olive tree, in* LAMBERTUCCIO'S *yard, and throws letters, wrapped around stones, at the feet of* ISABELLA *and* PERON.]

PERON & ISAB. It rains! (*Separately.*) It is a quick change of weather. It rains stones! (*They pick up letters. Enter* FIAMETTA. BOCC. *throws letter down at her feet.*)

FIAM. What is that? (*Picks up letter.*) It is from him.

[*Exit* BOCC., *who has been unseen by all.*]

Allegro giusto. M.M. = 132.

mf

FIAMETTA.

I have a welcome let - ter here, It is from one I hold most dear; I wish to read it

ISABELLA.

I have a welcome

PERONELLA.

I have a welcome let - ter here, It is from one I

pp

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once thro' now, If they the priv'lege will al - low. This letter is from him, My tears the sweet, sweet words be-

let - ter here, I wish to read it once thro' now. This letter is from him, My tears the sweet, sweet words be-

hold most dear; I wish to read it once thro' now. This letter is from him, My tears the sweet, sweet words be-

- dim, Ah! my poor heart is flutt'ring so! How he loves me, these lines will show!

- dim, Ah! my poor heart is flutt'ring so! How he loves me, these lines will show!

- dim, Ah! my poor heart is flutt'ring so! How he loves me, these lines will show!

p

tr

f

fp

ff

Ped.

Allegretto molto espressione. M.M. = 𝅗𝅥 63.

pp

p

O 'tis charming! O... it is de- light - ful! Should they know it, O it would be frightful! He is

p

O 'tis charming! O... it is de- light - ful! Should they know it, O it would be frightful!

Charm - ing! Charm - ing!

e sempre legato.

true to me! He tells me that he loves me, O! so dear - ly, dear - ly loves me,

He tells me that he loves me, O! so dear - ly, dear - ly loves me,

He sends these lines to me, these lines to me, Ah!

He... tells me that.... he soon is com - ing, sweetly hope's song I am sing - ing,

He... tells me here.... that he is com - ing, Hope's..... song I'm

He tells me..... he is

Ped. ✻ *Ped.* ✻

sing - ing, He is dear to me He's faith - - -ful, yes, ev - er faith-

sing - ing, He is com - ing! com - ing! com - ing!

com - ing, He is com - ing! com - ing! com - ing!

p

- ful to me, He will be here, he will be here! My heart, fast

here to - day! He will be here, he will be here! My heart, fast

here to - day! He will be here, he will be here! My heart, fast

p *pp*

Ped. * *Ped.* * *Ped.* *

beat-ing, tells time is fleeting to bring him here, To bring him here! He'll soon ap-

beat-ing, tells time is fleeting to bring him here, To bring him here! He'll soon ap-

beat-ing, tells time is fleeting to bring him here, To bring him here! He'll soon ap-

pf

Ped. ✻ *Ped.* ✻

- pear To meet me here! He will be dis - guised, and

- pear To meet me here!

- pear To meet me here!

scherzando.

yet I shall know him, I'll be sure to know him! I'll know him!

O

He swears he'll be.... true!

When

Now I will flirt, make my husband jealous, to pay him for drinking!

I shall see him! This let - ter is ve - ry nice!

This let - ter is nice, Yes, it is so

His let - ter is nice! Yes,

It is be - yond all price, It is so nice!

nice! It is be - yond all price, It is so nice, so nice!

it is so nice! It is so nice! It is so nice!

cres.

Each kisses letter.

✻ It is charming! O... it is de- light - ful!

✻ It is charming! O... it is de- light - ful!

✻ It is charming! O... it is de- light - ful,

decres. *p*

Should they know it, O it would be fright - ful! He is true to me! He tells me

Should they know it, O it would be fright - ful! He is true to me! He tells me

Should they know it, O it would be fright - ful! He is true to me! He tells me

that he loves me, O! so dear - ly, dear - ly loves me, he.... tells me that

that he loves me, O! so dear - ly, dear - ly loves me, he.... tells me that

that he loves me, O! so dear - ly, dear - ly loves me, he.... tells me that

..... he soon is com - ing, Gladly, sweetly hope's song I am sing - ing! He is

..... he soon is com - ing! Should my hus - - - band be com - ing, coming!

..... he soon is com - ing, yes!..... He is com - ing, coming!

mf

Ped. ✻ *Ped.* ✻

com - ing, He is com - ing, He will come to - day, to - day! yes!.....

com - ing! com - ing! He is com-ing to - day!

com - ing! com - ing! He is com-ing to - day!

p

.... Yes, to - day, yes, ... Yes, to-day, Ah! ....

He is com-ing to - day! Yes, he will come to-day!

He is com-ing to - day! Yes, he will come to-day!

... . Ah! yes, Ah! yes, He comes to - day, he comes to -

Ah! yes, Ah! yes, today! He comes to - day, He comes to - day, to -

Ah! yes, Ah! yes, today! He comes to - day, He comes to - day to -

✻ *Ped.* ✻ *Ped.* ✻

- day! yes!..... Yes, to - day, Ah!.....

- day! He will not stay a - way.

- day! He will not stay a - way.

..... yes, to-day, Ah! yes,..... Ah!..... yes! he is coming, Now,

He is coming to-day, to - day! yes, yes! he is coming, Now,

He is coming to-day, to - day! yes, yes! he is coming, Now,

Ped. ✻ *Ped.* ✻ *Ped.* ✻

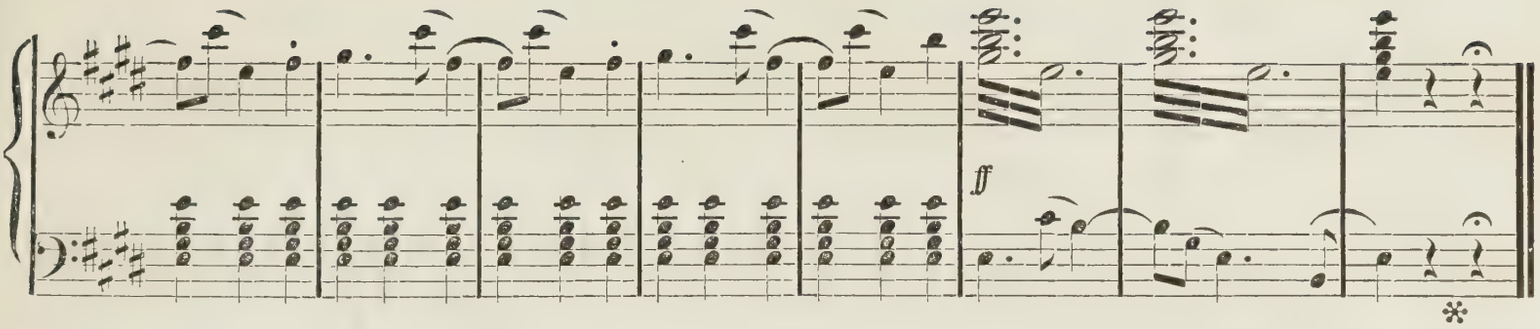
heart, keep your se - cret well! Nev - er, nev - er tell it, nev - er!

heart, keep your se - cret well! Nev - er, nev - er tell it, nev - er!

heart, keep your se - cret well! Nev - er, nev - er tell it, nev - er!

f *ff*

Ped. ✻ *Ped.* ✻ *Ped.*



ALL. Would he were here!

FIAM. (*To* ISAB. *and* PERON.) Why are you so happy this morning?

ISAB. You are a mere child, and cannot understand it. Peronella is in love.

FIAM. And so am I! (*Exit* FIAM.)

ISAB. (*Aside.*) And I! He said he would come to-day. I mean to flirt with him a little, just to pay off my drunken husband!

PERON. (*Aside.*) He tells me in his letter that he shall be here soon. What joy! I hope he will not delay. I hate to lose a minute at my time of life.

ISAB. Why does he linger? (*Enter* LEON.)

LEON. Sh—!

PERON. Some one comes!

LEON. Hush!

PERON. It is he!

LEON. Are you alone?

PERON. No!—Yes!

LEON. How fortunate! (*Enter* PIETRO.)

PIETRO. Sh—!

ISAB. 'Tis he!

PIETRO. Is it Isabella? Are we alone?

ISAB. We are.

PIETRO. Behold your slave!

ISAB. Oh, Prince!

PIETRO. Don't call me prince. I am only the *man* to my friends.

ISAB. I would like a prince to woo me. It is more romantic.

PERON. (*To* LEON.) Whence come you?

LEON. From my study, to offer you my friendship—my love. (*Aside.*) What a humbug I am. (*Exit* LEON *and* PERON.)

PIETRO. (*To* ISAB.) I will ever be your slave. (*Kneels at her feet.*)

ISAB. Rise, I pray!

PIETRO. I will worship you as long as the stars shine.

ISAB. And when they cease?

PIETRO. The light of your eyes will do as well!

LOTTER. (*Aside.*) This gate's always locked! (*To* ISAB.) Open the gate!

ISAB. Heaven's! Lotteringhi's voice!

PIETRO. Your uncle?

ISAB. Get into the barrel!

PIETRO. (*Gets into barrel.*) I am in. (*Enter* LOTTER.)

ISAB. (*To* LOTTER.) This is a fine time to come home! And the worse for liquor too!

LOTTER. I'm not a bit drunk! I've only been talking with Lambertuccio. Lambertuccio is the one who is drunk.

ISAB. Go away! Go over to the public house, and get your journeymen, and set them to work again. Don't you ever get liquor enough?

LOTTER. Oh, yes, there was liquor enough, but there were too many fellows to drink it.

PIETRO. I call this acting a novel!

LOTTER. I've sold that barrel to the grocer.

ISAB. Which barrel?

LOTTER. That barrel. (*pointing to that in which is* PIETRO.)

PIETRO. This barrel!

LOTTER. He has made me a small deposit (*aside*) which I spent for wine!

PIETRO. I'm sold! I go with the barrel.

ISAB. How much is the grocer to give you?

LOTTER. Three pieces of gold.

ISAB. Why didn't you *give* it away? Why *I* sold it for *six* pieces.

LOTTER. You! To whom.

ISAB. Tell the grocer he can't have it. You are an idiot! Go, get your men.

PIETRO. (*Aside.*) Quite a stirring chapter in my novel!

LOTTER. No, Isabella; I must keep my word. The barrel is sold to the grocer.

ISAB. Why need you? I tell you I have sold it for double what the grocer is to pay you.

LOTTER. Is it really true? To whom?

ISAB. A fine young man.

LOTTER For cash?

ISAB. Yes. (PIETRO *hands* ISAB. *money, unseen.*)

LOTTER. And the grocer wanted credit! (*Aside.*) Except the small deposit.

ISAB. Here is the money.

LOTTER. Wait a moment. (*rolls barrel.*)

PIETRO. Oh, my back!

LOTTER. What was that? Who is this man? (PIETRO *comes out of barrel.*)

PIETRO. Who is the man, sir? I am the man, sir! 'Tis I!

LOTTER. (*To* ISAB.) Who—is—this—man?

ISAB. Intoxicated badly this time, are you not? It is the young man who bought the barrel. He got in to examine it; to see if is perfect, as he wishes to take it immediately to Afghanistan with him.

PIETRO. (*Aside.*) Delightful! The uncle is a dupe. Another chapter in my novel! (*To* LOTTER.) Yes; that is true!

LOTTER. I beg your pardon, sir.

PIETRO. You are forgiven.

LOTTER. Does the barrel suit you?

PIETRO. Well—well—I—

ISAB. I heard you say the seams wanted pitching, sir.

PIETRO. Quite right.

LOTTER. I'll fix it.

ISAB. Go and pitch it!

PIETRO. (*Aside.*) Pitch it into the street!

LOTTER. Is there any fire, Isabella?

ISAB. No.

LOTTER. Get some wine for the gentleman. The best. I'll light the fire. (*To* PIETRO.) Honor us by remaining, signor.

PIETRO. Yes!

LOTTER. Come, Isabella.

ISAB. What about the grocer?

LOTTER. I don't care for that silly grocer! He's an old cheat! He sells plaster-of-Paris fig paste, and he sands his sugar!

ISAB. (*To* PIETRO.) Remain here, sir. (*Exit* LOTTER *and* ISAB.)

PIETRO. I am living a delightful romance, truly! Everything seems to be *real* enough, certainly. Her uncle nearly broke every bone in my body, rolling me about in that barrel.

WHEN A NOVEL'S TO BE WRITTEN.

No. 13. Pietro.

Allegretto. M.M. ♩= 100.

mf *sfz*

1. It's so nice to be in love, When a nov - el's to be written, "Love" so neat - ly rhymes with
2. He can paint his loved one's face In his he - ro - ine's fair features, Then he ea - si - ly can

p

"dove," When the sto - ry - wri - ter's smit - ten. He can live his own ro - man - ces, And trans-
trace, "Lov - li - est of earth - ly creatures!" Liv - ing e'er a - mid Hope's splen-dor, He can

-late soft, ten - der glan - ces, That is what I'd like to do, That is what I'd like to
be se - vere or ten - der, As it is his mood to woo, As it is his mood to

p

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M.M. 𝅗𝅥 = 63.

do. Weaving in - to pa - ges Persons of all kinds and sta - ges, Yes! For I
woo! Weaving in - to pa - ges, etc.

wor - ship youth and beau - ty They're the charm of life to me,

p

Yet I ne'er for - get my du - ty, Nor a faith - ful prince to be!

f

(*Exit* PIETRO *into* LOTTERINGHI'S *house.*)

[*Enter* LAMB., FILIPPA *and two other servant girls.*]

LAMB Come! Time is money! I must gather my olives to-day. Oh!

ALL. What's the matter?

LAMB. I can see the shape of a hay-fork in that tree! It points to me! A very bad sign. Now, Filippa, gather the olives from that tree!

FILIPPA. That tree? I will not!

LAMB. Why not?

FIL. That tree is bewitched.

LAMB. Explain.

FIL. Last night, when I was sitting under the tree, something reached down from it and kissed me!

LAMB. Strange! Did it smell of brimstone?

FIL. No; more like cosmetique!

LAMB. Horrible! A ghost smelling of cosmetique!

[*Enter* BOCC., *disguised as a simpleton.*]

GIRLS. A ghost!

LAMB. A ghost? (*Enter* FIAMETTA.)

FIAM. 'Tis a peasant boy. (*To* BOCC.) What do you want?

BOCC. (*Playing the simpleton. To* LAMB.) Are you Lambertuccio? (*Aside.*) Long, lank; crooked back, stupid appearance; yes, it is he!

LAMB. I am.

BOCC. I was ordered to call on you.

LAMB. By whom?

BOCC. Signor Nautilio!

FIAM. (*Aside.*) It is *his* voice!

LAMB. Do you bring me any news?

BOCC. Do not ask me stupid questions! Do you take me for a sphinx?

WHEN FOOLISH QUESTIONS YOU ASK ME.

No. 14. SIMPLETON SONG. Boccaccio.

Moderato. M.M. ♩= 63.

fp

1. When fool - ish questions
2. I know I'm but a

f *tr* *tr*

you ask me, Of course, I sil - ly answers give, Ha! ha! ha!..... So take it not as
simple dolt, I laugh when nothing wit - ty's said, Ha! ha! ha!..... But I have some phil-

fp *p* *ff*

an of - fence, If I'm not gift - ed with good sense. Ha! ha! ha!..... When-
-os - o - phy, I smile when oth - ers frown on me, Ha! ha! ha!..... So

fp *p*

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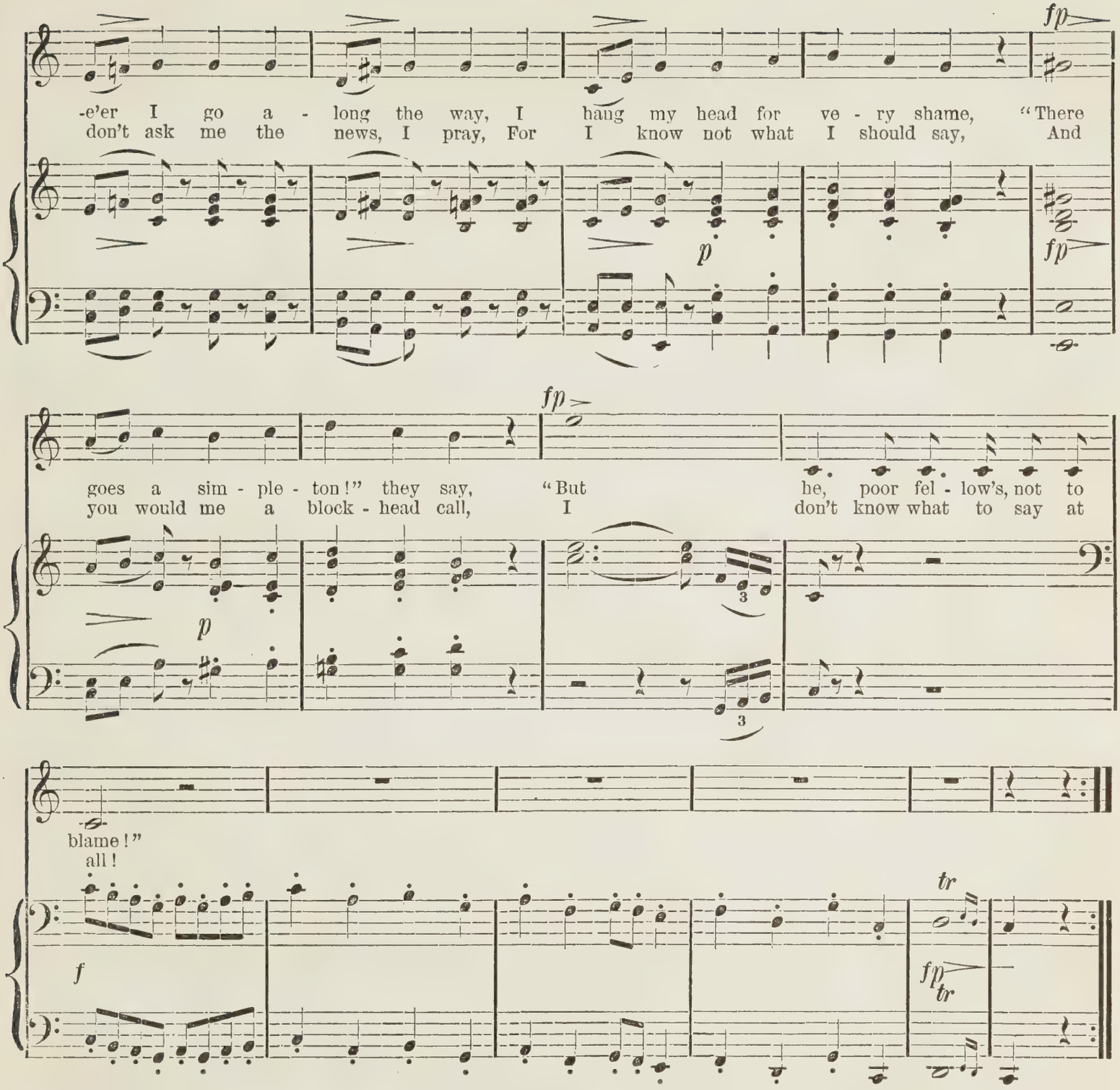

LAMB. Now go to work, quickly.
BOCC. Very soon. Who are those?
LAMB. My servant girls, who are to help you to get the olives.
BOCC. Girls are dangerous, I've been told. I don't like girls! Keep them away! (*Looks at* FIAM—*starts.*)
LAMB. Well, what now?
BOCC. That is a saint.
LAMB. Fool! It's my daughter
BOCC. No; you are too ugly for that. Look at that tree!
LAMB. Well, what of it? (LAMB. *looks.* BOCC. *kisses* FIAM. *behind his back.*)
FIAM. (*To* BOCC.) You are too bold!
LAMB. (*To* BOCC.) Now climb up that tree, quickly.
BOCC. Well, if I must!
LAMB. That boy's very stupid! (BOCC. *climbs tree. Exit* FIL. *and two other servants.*)
BOCC. Oh!
LAMB. Well, what is it now?
BOCC. You musn't kiss your daughter.
LAMB. I kissed my daughter? No such thing!
BOCC. Yes, I saw you just now! And she kissed you too! I shall not stay a minute longer. (*Comes down from tree.*)
LAMB. You scamp! I did not kiss Fiametta. I will whip you, if you say I did.
BOCC. I saw you. I am not blind. I tell the truth.
LAMB. *Is* it true?
BOCC. Climb the tree. It is bewitched. Come, and see for yourself.
LAMB. I will. If the tree is bewitched, I will cut it down!
[LAMB. *climbs into the olive tree.*]

FINALE II.

No. 15.

Andantino.

FIAMETTA.

You are too

Bocc.

Au-spicious hour, so sweet, is here, In Cupid's bow'r we lin - - ger, dear!

Andantino. M.M. ♩ = 72.
dolce assai.

p

bold! Stay, stay, Oh, stay! No, no, I pray you

I swear now love e - ter - nal, Ho - ly af - fection, true! I love, I love you, dearest, on- ly

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hold! (Bocc. *embraces* Fiam.)

you!

Lamb. (*on the tree.*) (*Enter* Isabella, Pietro, *and* Lotter.)

It is a mir - a - cle, I see, this is a re - al won - der tree, If it were not, I'd swear he

p

Lotter. (*to* Isabella.) (*to* Pietro.)

Pour out, pour out the wine, for our dear guest is thirsty! Do us the

plac'd His arm 'round Fiametta's waist!

mf *p* *mf*

Isabella. (*to* Lotter. *Places bottle and glasses on table.*)

Will you go and pitch the cask? Surely 'tis not water-tight!

(*to* Isabella.)

honor, please, to take a glass of wine! Me to quarrel do not ask, I will go and fix the

p *fp* *fp*

cask! Tho' I know 'tis vain, I'll creep in - to it a - gain! (LOTTER: *crawls into barrel.*)

mf

ISABELLA. (*points to the barrel.*)

Beware! take

PIETRO. (*tenderly.*)

We are a - lone, Now, love, my own, you are the queen on my heart's throne!

dolce assai.

stacc.

care! The wine is fine; the compliment's not

Nec - tar your wine is tru - ly, but sweeter is your smile! Dearest, O may it not my life be-

FIAMETTA.

In vain have I endeavored to keep my love from

ISABELLA. (*aside.*)

mine! Tho' I dear - ly love my hus-

LAMB. (*from tree.*)

Another pair of lovers see!

BOCC.

I long have lov'd thee, gentle one, loved

LOTTER. (*in barrel.*)

-guile? Inside this barrel it is night!

PIETRO.

Can I hope that you,

p

p

thee, Old bonds now sev - ered, I love thee,..... and only thee, For now at last I truly know my

f

with a sweet and pure de - vo - tion! I love thee, and on - ly thee, on - ly thee! With all the

f

-band, yet, I like to make him jeal - ous, there-fore I mild - ly

f

dear one, will give me a kiss? Say that you return my love; that would in

f

diminuendo bis zum pianissimo.

p

heart, And bid all doubts de - part. It cannot be a - miss, For me to give thee one, just one kiss!

p

ar - dor of my inmost, lov - ing heart, It can - not be a - miss, Give me just one kiss!

(*to* Pietro.)

p

flirt, I hope it is not wrong, No, it is not a-miss, To give you one kiss!

-deed, indeed, be greatest bliss, It can - not be a - miss, Give me just one kiss!

diminuendo bis zum pianissimo.

p

(*They kiss.*)

Now, do not go a - way!

I must go!

Now, do not go a - way!

Lamb. (*on tree.*)

It is most curious, dear me! the view from this enchanted tree!

Pietro.

I must go!

(Lotter. *in barrel.*)

There's no crevice, nor a

fp

mf

ISABELLA. (*to* PIETRO.)

I pray that you will look again!

seam, there is no seam, No, I cannot get a gleam! It is just as dark as

mf *p* *mf*

PIETRO.

The barrel must be wa-ter-tight!

night! There is not a ray of light!

p

(*Enter* LEONETTO, *followed by* PERONELLA.)

PERONELLA. (*takes* LEON'S *arm*.)

Do not go! Do not go a - way from me! Do not

LEONETTO.

I'll stay no longer! Her love grows stronger!

thus a - way from me now has - ten so! I can - not see, my friend,

I'll stay no longer!

why you thus should go! I'll not be - lieve! Do not de-

'Tis Du - ty's sway! I must o - bey!

-ceive! Do not go, Re-

LAMB. (*on tree.*)

My sis - ter! I be-gin to fear I'm los - ing fast my senses here!

FIAM. and ISAB.

Glad -ly now would my love I re - strain, it is in - deed in

BOCC.

I will be thine! And wilt thou not be mine? I will

PERON.

-main here! O how brief the hour that Cupid gives to me! Oh, to think that I must part so soon from thee!

LEON.

Hap - py hour! Pi - ty

PIETRO.

Ah! 'tis a hap - - py hour!

LOTT.

'Tis a com - plete cask!

LAMB.

A wiz - ard's vis - ion!

tr.

p

p

vain! Vain my en - dea - - - vor! Love will

al - ways faith - ful be! Wilt not trust me?

Nev-er, nev-er leave my side; I will yet become your bride; Re- al- ize my hope and pride!

it must pass a - way!

For Love, sweet Love, hath the great - est pow'r!

as I could ask!

not what it seems!

-e'er..... its ground re - tain! I will no

My love is not in vain; Bid me hope a-

Oh! how long have I pined for such sympathy; Therefore do not go from me now: My hopes are all in

Hear! she talks of love for

'Tis charm - ing! and so in - t'rest-

This cask is wa - ter - tight; all

'Tis a be - witched tree! It will kill

f *p*

long - er try to love de - fy! But bid Hope's pin - ions try to wing their way to

f *p*

-gain! We'll seal our vow With one kiss now, just one sweet

thee! Give me your sweet sympathy! To be your bride were sweetest bliss, Yes, yes, yes, yes!

p

me, It re - al - ly must be, that she needs sympa - thy, It is such

p

-ing! It is a page from life! She must become my wife, 'Twould be such

right! There is no light! It is all right! It is all

f

me! A dev - il's tree! It will kill me! It will kill

f *p*

(*Kisses.*)

bliss, It cannot be a - miss! Just one kiss!

kiss, just one, just one, just one kiss!

one kiss, just one, one, just one kiss!

bliss, to her, I'll give her one kiss!

bliss, such bliss, Give me but one kiss!

right, It is all right! 'tis all right!

me, Such fear, such fear, 'tis too much! This tree makes ev'ry one ap - pear to bill and coo like tur-tle-

Oh, that we now must part! Fare - well! yes, we

Oh, that we now must part! Fare - well! yes, we

Oh, that we now must part! Fare - well! yes, we

I have got my head full! Sure- ly this is dreadful!

doves!

fp *p* *p*

now must sad-ly part! Fare - - - - - - - well!.....

now must sad-ly part! Fare - - - - - - - well!.....

now must sad-ly part! Fare - - - - - - - well!.....

now must sad-ly part! Fare - - - - - - - well!.....

now must sad-ly part! Fare - - - - - - - well!.....

'tis tight!.....

This surely is the devil's tree! Yes!.....

colla voce.

Allegro Moderato. M.M. ♩ = 116.

SCALZA. (*outside.*) (*Enter* SCALZA.)

Lamber-tuc - cio! Lotter - in - ghi! Here is news! Now to listen don't refuse! Bo - ca- cio is now within your

FIAM. (*to* BOCC.) (FIAM. *exits into* LAM.'S *house.*)

Fly, quickly! You are in greatest danger!

ISA. (*to* PIETRO.) (ISA. *exits into her house.*)

Fly, quickly! You are in greatest danger!

BOCC.

Where shall we go?

PIETRO.

house! Where shall we

pp

PER. (*to* LEON) (PERO. *exits into* LAM.'S *house.*)

Fly, quickly! or else you will be lost!

go? (PIETRO *gets behind cask in cooper's yard.*)

LEON.

I must go? Pray, whither can I go?

SCALZA.

Lot-ter-in - ghi! Lamber - tuc - cio! where are

(BOCC. *and* LEON. *conceal themselves behind barrels in the cooper's yard.*)

LOTTER. (*comes out of barrel.*)

And I was in that cask!

LAMB. (*comes down from tree.*)

I was upon that tree!

you? Lot - ter - in - ghi! Lam - ber - tuc - cio! Do you

O Scalza, speak a - gain! And tell us who has been slain! Where's Boc -cac - cio? Can you

O Scalza, speak a - gain! And tell us who has been slain! Where's Boc -cac - cio? Can you

hear! Come with me! Come with

say? Lead us to him right a - way! He shall per - ish!

me! Come, fol - low me! Now Boccaccio we'll see! He's disguised in some strange fellow's

f

blouse! The students told me that he was now secreted in your house, So lose no time! Come on! We have track'd the rascal to your

sfz *p*

LOTTER. Could it be that fine young man? Was it that sim - ple - - ton? Now I am no long -er house!

LAMB. Certain - ly!

LOTTER. You are right!

blind! Our vengeance now he'll surely find! The wretch has dared at us to

Ah! the ras - cal fooled us well! And now his ri - ot-ing we'll quell! The wretch has dared at us to

After all! He can't be far from sight, He sure - ly can't es - cape us now! O

cres.

mock! Tell us,

mock! Tell us,

no! Disguised in stranger's blouse, He now is in that house. I'll tell

(Men's Chorus *behind scenes*, R.)

At last, now, at last, we have the scoundrel!

what is that noise?

what is that noise?

you. 'Tis the shout of friends who have no fright, They have watch'd thro' the night.

(MEN'S CHORUS, *behind scenes*, L.)

(*Exit* LAMB.)

Catch him! catch him, and give him no

fp *p*

Ah, yes, they have him now!

Ah, yes, they have him now! See, at last we have triumph'd! We will put him to death!

quarter! (*Enter* CITIZENS *with the* UNKNOWN *in their midst.*) For - ward, on men! Come on, come on!

fp *p*

Let us beat him soundly, now that we've found the rascal! It is Boccacci - o!

Let us beat him soundly!

UNKNOWN.

Let us beat him soundly! Hear me!

Forward! (*The men beat the* UNKNOWN.) We'll teach you not to rid - i-

Forward! We'll teach you not to rid - i-

fp *p* *mf*

Take care! No, no! 'Tis not for me!

-cule us! We'll teach you not to fool us! Don't spare the fel -low, now! Do not spare him, now! Take that!

-cule us! We'll teach you not to fool us! Don't spare the fel -low, now! Do not spare him, now! Take that!

cres.

(*Enter* Fiam., Isab., Beatrice, Peron., Students *and* Full Chorus.)

Fiam. Isab. Bea.

Ah! 'tis a stranger! Yes! for Boc-

Per. Students.

Ah! 'tis a stranger! Yes! for Boc-

Lotter.

Take that for your vile Spi - nel -lo - ci - a, you scamp, and that for Zep - pa and your other trash, take!

Scalza.

Take that for your vile Spi - nel -lo - ci - a, you scamp, and that for Zep - pa and your other trash!

Unknown.

I can - not tell why you are beating me, Leave off your blows, I say, and let me be!

Chorus.

That for your vi - cious Spi - nel -lo - ci - a, you scamp, and that for Zep - pa and your other trash, take!

Yes, that for your vi - cious Spi - nel -lo - ci - a, you scamp, and that for Zep - pa and your other trash!

ff

-cac - cio, they take him! Who is the man they have? Whom can it

that, and that, that is now giv - en you in hon - or of your Buf - fol-ma-co Calandrin, To-

Take that! Take that! That is giv - en in hon -or of your Buf - fol-ma-co Ca-landrin, To-

'Tis not I! 'Tis not I! Be-ware! be - ware! Nay, do not trifle with me now, Be-

that, and that, take that, take that, take that in hon- or of your Buf - fol-ma- co Ca-landrin, To-

Take that, and that! Take that, take that in hon-or of your Buf - fol-ma-co Ca-landrin, To-

ff

be? Who is the stran - - ger they have

-rel - lo Ca - ri - sen - di Sa - la - din, take that! take that! For

-rel - lo Ca - ri - sen - di Sa - la - din; take that! take that

-ware! When you know me you will take care! 'Tis not I! 'Tis not I!

-rel - lo Ca - ri - sen - di Sa - la - din, take that! take that! take

-rel - lo Ca - ri - sen - di Sa - la - din, take that! take that!

got? Boc- ca - cio it is not! 'Tis not! 'Tis

be? Boc- ca - cio it is not! 'Tis not! 'Tis

ev - 'ry cop - y of your trash we'll give you now at least a lash! We'll make you an ex - am-ple! Take you

take that! For each book of your trash we'll give you now at least a lash! We will make you an ex- am-

'Tis not for me! 'Tis not for me! 'Tis not for

Women Chorus.

It is not he! 'Tis not Boc- cac- ci - o! 'Tis not Boc-cac-cio!

Chorus,
Ten.

that! For ev - 'ry cop - y of your trash we'll give you now at least a lash! We will make you an ex- am-

Bass.

take that! For each book of your trash we'll give you now at least a lash! We will make you an ex- am-

sfz *cres.* *sfz*

not! A - las, whom can it be?.....

that! Take that, take that for an ex - am- ple! Take you that!.....

(*Enter* LAMB. *with lantern.*)

Hold now! 'Tis a blun - der, him I

me! And I do not such hon - or want!.....

O! 'tis not Boccacci - o! No! 'Tis not he!.....

-ple! Take that, take that for an ex - am- ple! Take you that!.....

sfz *cres. assai.* *ff* *p*

Ped. *

(LAMB. *holds lantern to* UNKNOWN'S *face.*)

know! Yes, this man, whom you have beaten, and would not to his words lis- ten, For Fia-met - ta brings me

gold!

UNKNOWN.

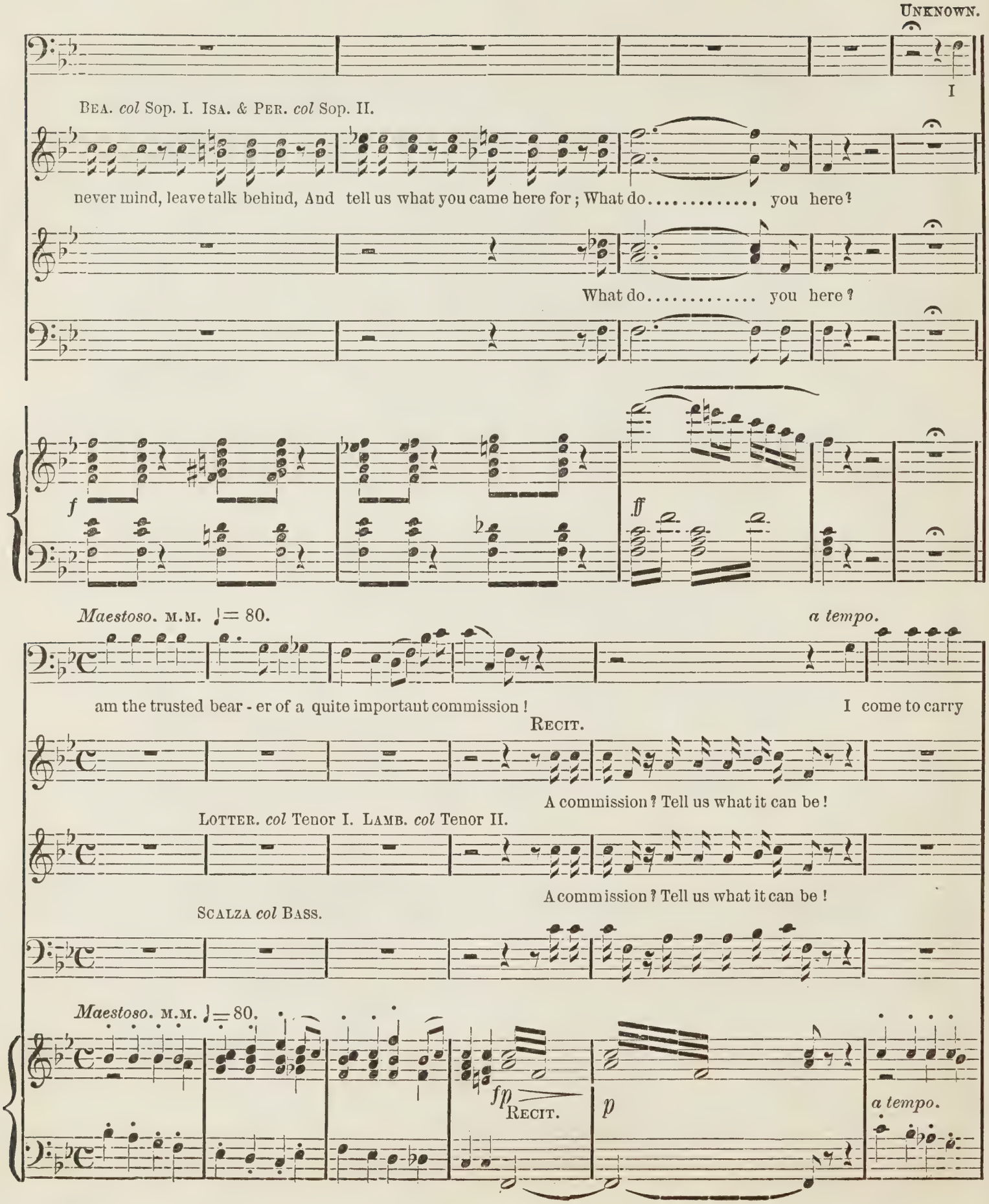
'Tis not my name! Not that I know!

Oh!

You're not Boccaccio? You are not a po-et? You're not he, scribbling fool?

You're not Boccaccio? You are not a po-et? You're not he, scribbling fool?

mf


Unknown.
I
Bea. col Sop. I. Isa. & Per. col Sop. II.
never mind, leave talk behind, And tell us what you came here for; What do..... you here?
What do..... you here?
f
ff
Maestoso. M.M. ♩= 80.
a tempo.
am the trusted bear - er of a quite important commission!
I come to carry
Recit.
A commission? Tell us what it can be!
Lotter. col Tenor I. Lamb. col Tenor II.
A commission? Tell us what it can be!
Scalza col Bass.
Maestoso. M.M. ♩= 80.
fp
Recit.
p
a tempo.

FIAM. RECIT.

O, heavens! how your words have frighten'd me! Must I go?

Fi - a-metta, Make no op- po - si - tion! Soon you must be read -y to go! Say

Must she go?

Must she go?

fp *p* *a tempo.*

O, no, no! Must I go? Let me

farewell to all your friends, now! Don't detain me, Fi - ametta! For we must both depart today!

O, no, no! Let her stay!

O, no, no! Let her stay!

dol.

Un poco meno M.M. ♩=76.

Stay! ..... How sad is part - - ing! Must I

Bocc.

They'll suspect me, it is clear!

Leon.

Pietro.

We must go away from here!

pp Bea. *col Sopr.* I. Isab. and Per. *col Sopr.* II.

Oh! how sad this

pp Lott. *col Ten.* I. Lamb. *col Ten.* II.

Oh! how sad this

pp Scal. and Magior. *col Bass.*

p

leave them? Tears are now start - ing! I can - not

I am sure they're on my track; Tho' I do not courage lack,

Yes, they must have found a trace, And have follow'd to this

sud - - den part - - ing!

sud - - den part - - ing!

go! ..... Oh, must I part from friends so

I will quickly take my leave; Stay, I'll all of them deceive!

place! Clouds are gath'ring o- ver - head, It is time that we had

From our eyes the

From our eyes the

incalzando e crescendo assai.

true, and from him to whom my heart is pledged, my lov - er

Yes, yes, I will them deceive! For, be-fore I go a- way I must have a word to

fled! And whichev-er way it go We'll side with Boccac-ci-

tears are start - - ing,

tears are start - - ing,

incalzando e crescendo assai.

rimettendo il tempo.

f *p*

too? ..... No! 'tis too hard, in-

f

To Fi - a- met- ta I must at once a true lov-er's blessing give,

Oh! Now we must away from here ere we're discover'd, that is

It is not right

It is not right

ff rimettendo il tempo. *pp*

-deed, for me to bear! If we must part, for life I do not

BEA. ISAB.

must we then part for - ev-

Perhaps 'twill cheer her sad heart, One word, one word

LEON. PIETRO.

clear! Now it is no long-er safe! It is not

that she must from us go

that she must from us go

care! Oh, 'tis sad! ..... Yes, it is

-er! Oh, 'tis sad! ..... Yes, it is

pp

safe! We must ve- ry care-ful be!

pp

STUDENTS, *with Sopr. and Alti.*

p

now! 'Tis hard

pp

now! Must we say farewell for-ev- er? Oh, 'tis hard to say fare - well! It is hard to say fare-

pp

p

sad - - 'ning, Oh, it is sad! My heart is

sad - - 'ning, Oh, it is sad! Her heart is

I have now an- oth-er task! I must wear a demon's mask!

He has now an-oth- er task! He must wear a demon's mask!

to say fare - - well!

-well! It is hard to say fare - well! Ev- er hard to say fare-

break - ing! It is so sad!..... A - las! so

I have now a trying task, I must wear a demon's mask!

He has now a trying task, He must wear a demon's

fare - well!..... Yes, Yes, to say fare-

-well! It is hard to say fare - well!..... to say fare-

incalzando e cres.

sad! Must I now then leave all my dear old friends?

sad! Must she now then leave all her dear old friends?

Should my new plan not succeed, I shall be exposed indeed!

mask! Should his new plan not suc - ceed, He will be exposed in-

-well! She must now

-well! She must, a - las! de-

incalzando e cres.

cres. assai. *rimettendo il tempo.*

How can I bear the pain? Oh!..... fate

How can we bear the pain? Oh!..... fate

While I wear the devil's mask, I'll frighten them to death, But I must caution my good friends that they may speak in softest

-deed! I'll frighten them all to death!

de - - part! Dear, ac - cept

-part! take cour - - age, dear, ac - cept

8va..... *rimettando il tempo.*

cres. assai. *ff*

Ped. * *Ped.* * *Ped.* *

is so un - kind! What am I to do? Shall I not

is so un - kind! What is she to do? Shall I not

breath! I must speak one word to her

Oh! should he be discover'd, he is sure-ly lost for- ev - er! We must make a master

your lot! Be brave!

your lot! Be brave!

pp

see a - gain my lov - er true?

see a - gain her lov - er true?

one word to her! Soon for a piece of strat-e- gy, and then a demon they shall

stroke, a mas - ter stroke!

For - get not your friends!

For - get not your friends!

affrettando.

Then fare thee well! Fare thee well, O fare thee well!

So fare thee well! Fare thee well, O fare thee well!

see! Soon for a piece of strat-e - gy, and then a demon they shall see!

Solo. PERON.

affrettando.

Then fare thee well! Fare thee well, O fare thee well!

LOTT. LAMB.

Then fare thee well! Fare thee well, O fare thee well!

SCALZA, MAGGIOR.

Fare - well! .....

Have care! .....

UNKNOWN.

CHORUS and SOLO. Do not give way to bit-ter - ness, You have in store great happi-

Fare - well! .....

Fare - well! .....

ff *p* *cres.* *f*

Ped. *

Allegro.

I'm plunged in deep-est woe! 'Twill break my heart to go! No, no! I can- not

-ness! Be calm! Take heart! Do not des-

BEAT. *col Sopr.* I. ISAB., PERON. *col Sopr.* II.

(STUDENTS.) Be brave! Be brave! Take heart! It is good,

LOTTER. *col Ten.* I. LAMBER. *col Ten.* II.

Be brave! Be brave! Take heart! It is good,

SCALZA *col Bass.*

Allegro. M.M. 144.

mf

go! More welcome far were death! I pray with ev-'ry breath.. O Heav'n, what shall I

-pair! For your fu-ture will be fair! Do not des - pair! We must a - way! We must a-

luck! Farewell! Farewell! It sure - ly is good

luck! Farewell! Farewell! It sure - ly is good

do? 'Tis death to me! 'Tis death to me!

-way! You're ve- ry for - tu - nate! You ought to bless kind fate! Say

luck! You're for - tu - nate! What bliss - ful fate! Fia-

luck! You're for - tu - nate! What bliss - ful fate! Fia-

Andantino.

Oh!.....

Bocc., *(who has gone up the stage behind the tree.)*

Good - - - - bye! Have

-met . - - - - - ta!

-met - - - - - - ta!

Andantino. M.M. ♩=63

Fiametta, *(with great change of manner, delighted.)*

Who is that? 'Tis his voice!

courage now, for I am near!..... Let me give you a word of cheer! Wher- e'er your lot may

pp

Allegretto molto espressivo. M.M. 𝅗𝅥=63.

pp Oh, what ma - gic, magic most en-

be,.... I'll ev - er fol-low thee!

Allegretto molto espressivo. M.M. 𝅗𝅥=63.

p

sempre legato.

-chant-ing, 'Tis his voice such bless - ed hope im-plant - ing, 'Tis his thrill-ing voice, and I can well rejoice!

Hear me! Hear me! Dear

BEAT. *col Sopr.* I.
ISAB., PETRON. *col Sopr.* II.

pp

How strange! How strange! How.....

LOTTER. *col Tenor* I.
LAMBER. *col Tenor* II.

pp

How strange! How strange!

STUDENT. *col Sopr. and Alti.*

SCAL. *and* UNKNOWN. *col Basso.*

pp

FIAM., BEAT.,
ISAB., PERON.

For sor-row now gives place to joy, ah! Joy has come to take the place of sor - row

one, Wher - e'er thou may'st be, I will fol - low thee! Have

..... strange! what change can it be? *pp* What....

pp

It is strange! What....

pp

p

{ I / She } no long-er { have / has } from pain to bor - row, No more sigh - ing, care de - fy -

care! Be brave! Be care - ful! Have courage! I'll fol-

— change can it be? Good luck at- tend

— change can it be? Good luck at - tend

cres. *mf*

-ing, Hope has dawn'd on { me / her } at last! O- pen the gates! Good fortune waits!

low! Be faith - ful! I'll love thee for- ev - er! Dear-est, keep your courage

you ev - er! Do not for - get your old-time friends!

you ev - er! Do not for - get your old-time friends!

f

all care is banish'd! All clouds have vanish'd! Now sunbeams bright shed golden light!

Grieve nev- er, Hope ev - er! I'll be near! From me thy love none can

Do not for - get us, Think of us ev - er! When far a - way, Let your thoughts stray

Do not for - get us, Think of us ev - er! When far a - way, Let your thoughts stray

stringendo e accelerando.

Now skies are clear! There is joy here! Life's bright treas - ure Is Love's sweet meas - ure!

sev - er! I'll love thee for - ev - er! I'll pro-tect thee ev - er, I'll fondly thee

back to the home and the friends of your sweet child - hood, Yes, Yes, back to the

back to the home and friends of youth! To the

stringendo e accelerando. *cres.*

Ecs - tat - ic meas - ure! Hope is here, and the skies at last are clear! Yes!

cherish, Till life's breath shall perish, For - ev- er! For - ev- er! For - ev - er! For - ev - er!

old home of child- hood, To the home of child - hood sweet we hold dear, yes!

old home of your friends and child - hood we hold dear, yes!

8va

FIAM., BEAT.

PERON., ISAB.

O bliss- ful vis - ion and pleasure E - ly- sian! A foretaste of Hea-ven is giv'n us!

O bliss - ful vis - ion and pleasure E - ly- sian! A fore-taste of Heav'n is giv'n to us, yes, is giv'n us!

O bliss-ful vis- ion and pleasure E - ly- sian! A foretaste of Hea-ven is giv'n us!

O blissful vis- ion and pleas-ure E - ly - sian! A foretaste of Hea- ven is giv'n us!

8va 8va

ff

Ped. *

Piu ritenuto quasi Recitativo.

now! A dream of Par - a - dise be - low!

FIAMETTA, (*with* UNKNOWN.) BEAT., ISAB., PERON.

now! 'Tis

BOCC. *Solo.* (*on the wall, disguised in devil's mask.*)

O - bey me well, or to Ha - des you

A dream! Dream of Par - a - dise be - low! 'Tis

LOTTER., LAMBER.

A dream! Dream of Par - a - dise be - low! 'Tis

SCALZA.

Piu ritenuto quasi Recitativo.

fp *p* *colla voce.*

(*All except* LEON. *and* PIETRO *fall to the ground in terror when* BOCC. *appears on the wall.*)

a tempo. *a tempo.*

Sa - tan! A de - mon! Have mer - cy! Have

ritenuto.

go! O - bey! or I will take you down be - low!

Sa - tan! A de - mon! Have mer - cy! Have

Sa - tan! A de - mon! Have mer - cy! Have

ritenuto.

ff a tempo. *fp* *p* *colla voce.* *ff a tempo.*

mer - cy! Now Heav'n its mer - cy to us

ritenuto.

Bocc.

PIETRO, LEON., and STUDENTS.

The de- mon now soon will leave the house! High

mer - cy! Now Heav'n its mer - cy to us

mer - cy! Now Heav'n its mer - cy to us

ritenuto.

fp *p*

show!

ho!

show!

show!

fff

(*During the last of the Ensemble the* UNKNOWN *leads* FIAM. *to the back of the stage.*)

ff

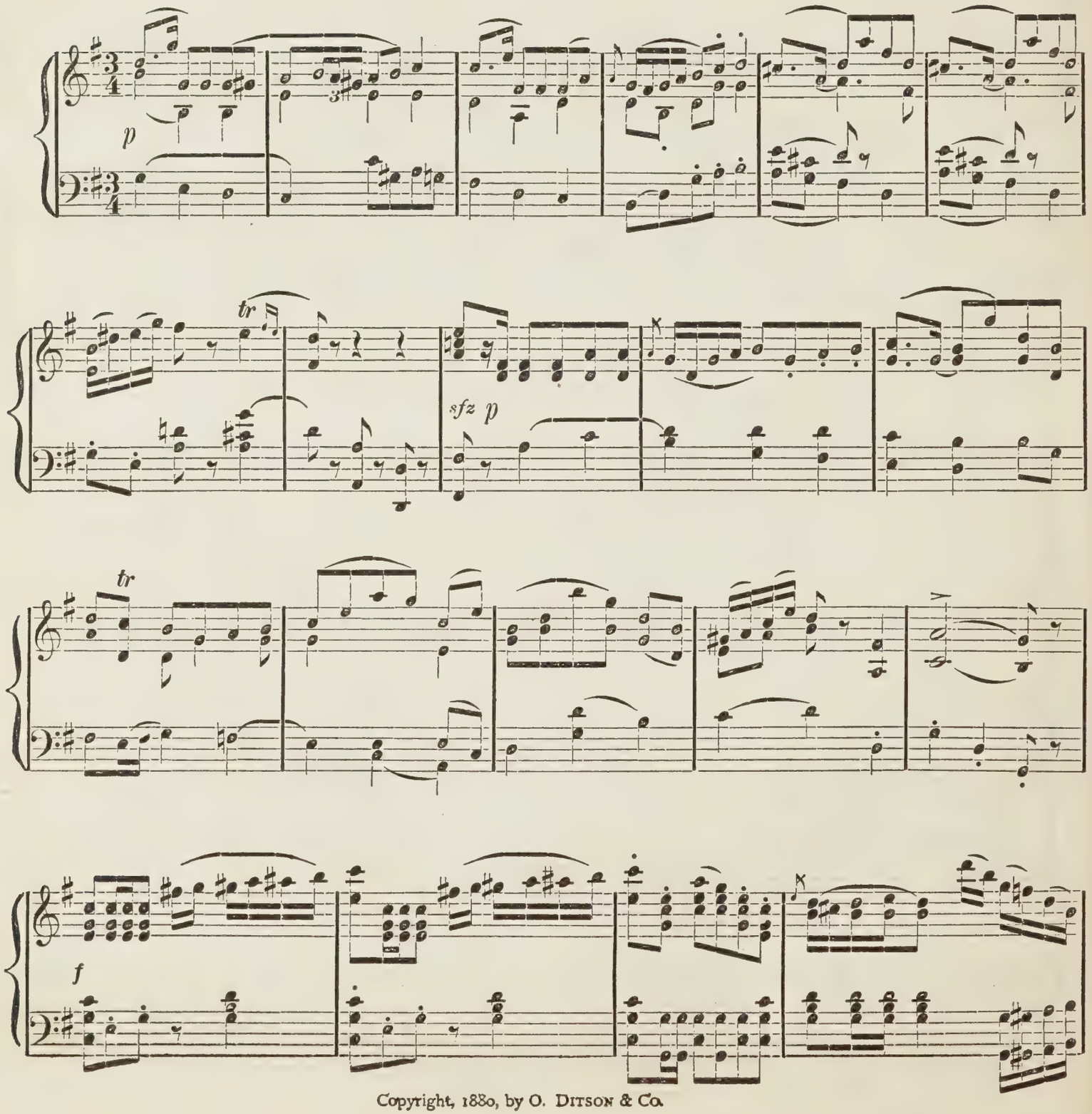
End of Act II.

No. 16. ACT THIRD.

SCENE. I. *Garden of the Ducal Palace at Florence. Fête given by* PRINCE PIETRO *in honor of* FIAMETTA, *his affianced.*

INTRODUCTION. (*Chorus discovered at rise of curtain.*)

Tempo di menuetto. M.M. = 𝅗𝅥 84.



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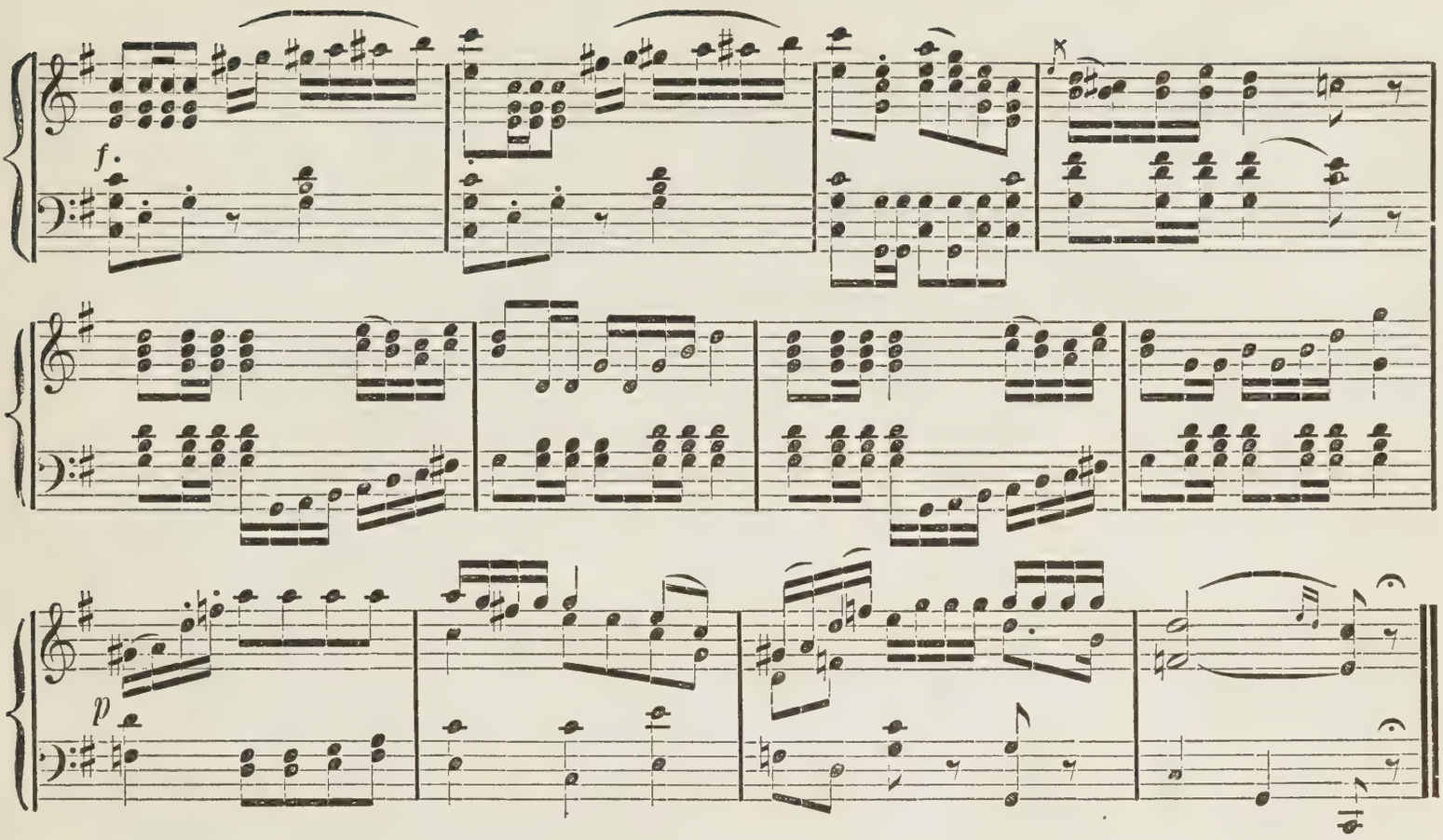

HOW PLEASING HIS NOVELS!

No. 16 a. CHORUS.

How pleas - ing the novels of jol - ly Boc - ca - cio! Re - fresh - ing are they!

How pleas - ing the novels of jol - ly Boc - ca - cio! Re - fresh - ing are they!

How pleas - ing the novels of jol - ly Boc - ca - cio! Re - fresh - ing are they!

f.

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Devoted to pleasure, To fun without measure, We glad - ly would have him con - tin - ue writ - ing.

Devoted to pleasure, To fun without measure, We glad - ly would have him con - tin - ue writ - ing.

Devoted to pleasure, To fun without measure, We glad - ly would have him con - tin - ue writ - ing.

f.

We'll read them to cheer us, And drive away care; They ban - ish our sorrow, relieve our despair!

We'll read them to cheer us, And drive away care; They ban - ish our sorrow, relieve our despair!

We'll read them to cheer us, And drive away care; They ban - ish our sorrow, relieve our despair!

He is our fav'rite writ - er! He is of stories rare in - di - ter!

He is our fav'rite writ - er! He is of stories rare in - di - ter!

He is our fav'rite writ - er! He is of stories rare in - di - ter!

sfz *p*

tr

(*Exit CHORUS.*)

(*Enter* PIETRO *R. Enter* BOCC. *L.*)

PIETRO. Ah, my dear, Boccaccio, I am glad to see you at Court. I wish to present you to the Duke, and to my future bride. This is our betrothal festival.

BOCC. (*Aside.*) Fiametta! (*To* PIETRO.) Prince, you honor me!

[*Enter* MAJOR DOMO.]

PIETRO. (*To* MAJOR DOMO.) How is the Princess, this morning?

MAJOR. H'm. Ha! Quite well. She is constantly at the bedside of his highness. You can imagine.

BOCC. (*Aside.*) That is why I do not see her.

MAJOR. H'm. Ha! It is the wish of the Duke that the festivities shall not be interrupted by his slight illness. Here is the programme for the day. You can imagine.

PIETRO. Let us see. (*Enter* LEON.)

BOCC. At last!

LEON. Dear Prince!

PIETRO. Welcome, dear Leonetto.

LEON. (*To* BOCC.) What news?

BOCC. (*To* LEON.) Fiametta is the daughter of the Duke. She is to become Pietro's bride. I cannot think of such a thing!

PIETRO. (*To* BOCC.) Cavalier Boccaccio, if you please, you may arrange a comedy to be played previous to the supper.

MAJOR. H'm. Ha! An extempore comedy. Understand? You can imagine!

PIETRO. (*To* BOCC.) There is no one so familiar with the manners and customs of Florence as yourself!

BOCC. I? (*Exit* MAJOR.)

LEON. (*Aside to* BOCC.) Accept the management. It will aid your plans. Fiametta will, of course, take part!

BOCC. [*Aside to* LEON.] You are right. [*To* PIETRO.] With pleasure!

PIETRO. Thanks, Giovanni. The entire management is in your hands. I must marry a lady I do not love at all, just to please my father!

BOCC. The maiden is said to be a paragon of grace and beauty.

PIETRO. Well, she is not so bad, after all!

BOCC. [*Aside.*] Indeed? The idiot! [*To* PIETRO.] But does the girl consent to marry you?

PIETRO. Yes; although she declared yesterday that she did not care for me. She was jesting, of course; for it would be simply impossible for any girl not to like me!

BOCC. [*Aside.*] What an insufferably conceited fellow! [*To* PIETRO.] Did you ever love?

PIETRO. Yes. When I was sixteen years of age, I fell in love with a servant of my mother, and promised to marry her.

LEON. And you did not do it?

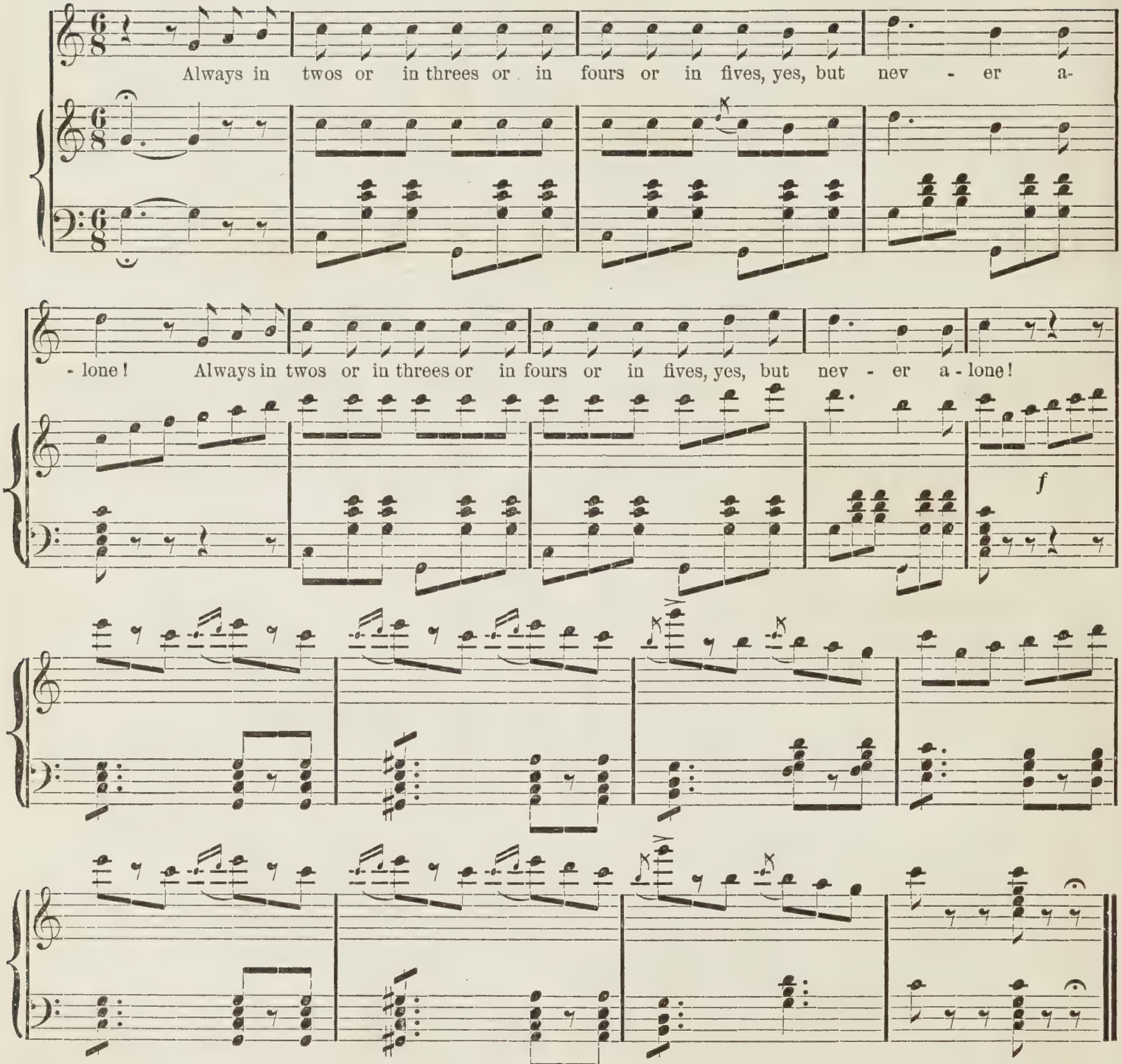
PIETRO. I did. I kept my word. I married her to another! To my coachman!

BOCC. And Isabella?

PIETRO. Only a harmless little flirtation, just to kill time.

ALWAYS IN TWOS OR IN THREES!

No. 16 b. Boccaccio, Pietro & Leonetto.



[*Exit* Bocc., Leon., *and* Pietro *into Palace. Enter* Peron, Lamb., *and* Major.]

Major. (*To* Lamb. *and* Peron.) H'm. Ha! Don't be afraid. The Duke wants to thank you for the great care you have given to the education of his daughter. You can imagine!

Lamb. This is too much honor. I never dreamed my foster-daughter was a princess, when she was knitting my stockings and—

Peron. And to think I have often boxed the ears of a real Princess!

Lamb. Shall I really shake hands with the duke himself?

Major. H'm. Ha! Certainly. Why you have already met him. He is the unknown man who has brought you the money for Fiametta's expenses. You can imagine!

Lamb. Why, the last time he came, I called him a fool and an old thief! But I was half drunk that day. Please, tell the Duke that I am never completely sober. I can bring a hundred witnesses to prove it! (*To* Peron.) Well, sister, you go first and speak to him. You know you *can* talk. (*Aside.*) Well, here is good fortune, indeed. If I had not met a cross-eyed man on my way here I should not fear the future. (*Exit* Peron *and* Major.) Let me see, I am the foster father of the Princess Fiametta, consequently, the Duke is my somewhat hammered-out foster brother in-law.

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I'M THE FATHER OF A PRINCESS!

No. 17. COUPLET. Lambertuccio.

Moderato. M.M ♩ = 88.

f

Piu Moderato. M.M. ♩ = 80.

1. I'm the fa - ther of a Prin - cess, I'm a Duke in - cog - ni - to, But of all these roy - al hon - ors, Un - til
2. I am ve - ry, ve - ry hum - ble, And, a - las! no long - er young: Yet I can make her a pres - ent, I'll give
3. When the prin - cess darned my stock - ings, Lit - tle thought I roy - al blood Was in those white, nim - ble fin - ers, Or I'd

p

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now I did not know; I'm the fa - ther of a
her my sis - ter's tongue! I'm the fa - ther of a
shed of tears a flood! I'm the fa - ther of a

Prin - cess, I'm the fa - ther of a Prin - cess, I'm a Duke, I'm a

rallent.

Duke, I'm a Duke, I'm a Duke! a Duke in-cog -ni - to!

f

(*Exit* Lamb *into Palace*)

[*Enter* FIAM. *and* BOCC.]

BOCC. So, my poor Fiametta is to be sacrificed. Alas! Ah! here she comes! (*To* FIAM) Princess Fiametta!

FIAM. Do you really love me as much as you profess?

BOCC. With my life! But when I became so fondly attached to you, I thought you were an humble citizen's daughter, not beyond the adoration of a poor poet.

FIAM. Forgive me for being a Princess!

BOCC. It is, indeed wrong of you; but there is no guilt in it!

FIAM. I am sure I can yet obtain the consent of my father to marry you, if Pietro will relinquish my hand.

BOCC. Courage, courage, Fiametta! I will undertake the task of making him yield his claim upon you. Do you remember the day our eyes first met?

FIAM. I do, indeed. We were promenading, listening to a Tuscan song.

BOCC. Let us sing that song now

THE LANGUAGE OF LOVE.

No. 18. DUETTINO. Fiametta and Boccaccio.

Allegretto.

I pray thee, dear - est, tell me.... the lan - - guage of love; Does it come from the an - gels.... in Hea - ven a - bove? Is it heard in the fountains, That spark - le mid the mountains? Is it war - bled by the ken - nest nicht die Lie - be, ver- schmähst die sanf - ten Tri - ebe; nur Spott und kal - te

Mia bel - la fio - ren - ti - na.... dis - sprez - zi l'a- - mor, i - gno - rio fur - bet - ti - na..... le pia - ghe del cor. Coll' a ria di con - ten - to de ri di il mio la - men- to, non calmi i mes - ti

Flo- renz hat schö - ne Frau- en,..... die schön - - ste bist du! Doch höhnst du mei - ne Qua - len..... und lä - chelst da - zu! Du

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bird - lings or chant - ed by the bees? Oh, what..... is Love? Is't
ge - mi - ti con un sor - riso al - men! E pur..... ve - drai ti
Grau - sam - keit sind dir die höch - ste Lust! Einst sollst..... du seh'n, was

p *p*

from..... a - bove? Canst thou not tell me what it is that fills my heart with
scor - - ge - rai, co - me d'a - mor i pal - pi - ti - ti strin - ger ano il
wird..... ge scheh'n, wie der verschmäh - ten Lie - be Qual die Brust er - füllt mit

dol.

FIAMETTA.

I'll
Le
Auch

pleas - ure? Sure - ly you know its lan - guage well! Tell me, what is its.... spell?
se - no co - me d'a - mor i pal - pi - ti - ti strin - ge - ran il.... sen!
We - he, wie der ver - schmäh - ten Lie - be Qual mit Weh er - füllt die.... Brust!

fp

tell thee, dearest; list-en! The lan - guage of love! It is the heart's own wishes, heard in tones that
scal- tre fio - ren - ti - ne non sprez - zan l'a- mor, sor- ri - si ed oc- chia- ti- ne.... le sor - ton dal
in Flo- renz sind Frauen nicht oh - ne Ge-fühl; wir ken - nen wohl der Lie- be ge - fähr - liches

Oh, yes!
Oh si!
Ach ja:

move; 'Tis heard in lov - er's sighing, When cherished hopes are dy- ing, And the eyes its mes - sage
cuor; si pas- con nel con - ten- to de - ri - don il la - men- to e pur nas- co - ste
Spiel! Wenn wir zu scher - zen wa- gen, ver - la - chen Lie - bes - kla - gen, wohnt doch nicht kal - te

Yes, yes!
No no!
Nein, nein!

It
I -
Ihr

p

car - ry to por - tals of the heart! Oh, that..... is Love! 'Tis from.... a - bove!
la grime si las - cia- no fug- gir! Ah si..... ve - drai ti scor - ge - rai.
Grau-sam-keit in uns' - rer Brust al - lein! Kommt einst..... her - an der rech - te Mann,

speaks from the eyes!
gno - nan l'a- mor!
kennt nicht die Lieb'!

p

p

Thus have I told thee what it is that fills our hearts with pleasure! You al - so know its language well, and
quan- do il bramato ca - pi - ta d'a - mo - re san' mo - ri - re, quando il bramato ca - pi - ta d'a-
dann nur ver- mag auch A- mor's Pfeil dies Herz der Lieb' zu wei - hen, dann nur vermag auch A - mor's Pfeil dies

dol. *fp*

Piu Andante.

yield un - to its spell! Ah!..... Such is Love, my dearest; such is Love! Ah!..
- mo - re san' mo - rir! A..... si la bel - la fio - ren - ti - na.... a...
Herz der Lieb' zu weih'n! Ah!..... Wir verschmähn nicht sanf- te Trie - be;... Ah!..

Such is Love! Such is Love! Such is Love, such is.. Love!
E pur ver, e pur ver, che la fio - ren - ti - na....
Es ist wahr, lei - der wahr, Ihr ver- schmäht die Trie - be;....

cres. *fp*

affrettando.

..... Love that in the heart is con- stant! Ah!..... Let us
..... sembra cru - da sen - za cuo - re, a..... un sor-
..... und wir ken - nen wohl die Lie - be! Ah!..... Doch ein

Purest Love! Purest Love! Love that's ev- er constant! Purest Love! Constant Love!
al parer, al parer, sembra sen - za cuo - re, un sospir, un lan- guir,
offenbar, offenbar, kennt Ihr nicht die Lie - be! Ach dein Blik, giebt mir Glük,

p *fp*

affrettando

Allegretto.

sing Love's song to - geth - er,.... "fi - ru - lin, fi - ru - lin, fi - ru - le - ra," We'll sing the song of
riso un oc - chia ti - na.... "fi - ru - lin, fi - ru - lin, fi - ru - le - ra," l'in fia - ma al dolce a
Blik, ein schmachtend Lä - cheln,.. "fi - ru - lin, fi - ru - lin, fi - ru - le - ra," bringt uns nicht gleich Ge-

Now let us sing to - geth- er,.... "fi - ru - lin, fi - ru- lin, fi - ru - le - ra," We'll sing the song of
una dol - ce occhia - ti - na.... "fi - ru - lin, fi - ru- lin, fi - ru - le - ra," l'in fia - ma al dolce a
Mich be - see-ligt dein Lä - cheln... "fi - ru - lin, fi - ru - lin, fi - ru - le - ra," dich lieb' ich im - mer -

p *cres.*

Love!.... "fi - ru - lin, fi - ru - lin, fi - ru - le - ra," We'll sing the song of Love!
mor,..... "fi - ru - lin, fi - ru - lin, fi - ru - le - ra," l'in fiamma al dolce a- mor!
fahr,..... "fi - ru - lin, fi - ru - lin, fi - ru - le - ra," bringt uns nicht gleich Ge- fahr!

dar,..... "fi - ru - lin, fi - ru - lin, fi - ru - le - ra," dich lieb' ich im- mer - dar!

sfz *f*

Boccacc-

I

tr

Allegretto.

FIAMETTA.

pray thee, dear- est, tell me if love ever dies! The love that springs from Heaven all Time's reign de-
si mia fio - ren - ti - na piu spe - me non ho! Il cuor e la ma- ni- na.... io per - der non
Flo - ren - ti - ner Schö- ne ob hof - fen ich kaum? Ob treu du dich be- währ-test, da rauf kommt es

p

- fies?
vò!
an.

'Tis a foretaste to
Se ve - ri son quei
Wenn Wahr-heit dei - ne

BOCCACCIO.

It then must be a treasure, The greatest in life's measure! And
In- van io dun- que ge - mo, in - van d'a- mor io fre- mo. i -
Willst du ge- fühl - los blei- ben, mich zur Ver- zweiflung trei- ben? Er

p

mor - tals of end- less par - a - dise! Ah, yes!.... 'Tis Love!
ge- mi- ti al - lor tas- col - ta - ro! ah si..... ve - drai.
Klagen sind, nur dann er- hör' ich dich! Erst lass'..... mich sehn.

this, then, is Love! Ah, yes! This is..... true Love!
- gno ri l'a- mor ah si! Ti scor - ge rai
hö - re doch end - lich mich! Stets sollst..... du sehn?

p *p*

Thus will we ev - er love, my own, While Love sits on its throne! Thus will we ev - er love, my own, While
che dell' a - mor i fre - mi - ti con te di vi de ro che dell' a - mor i fre - mi - ti con
Ob du in treu - er heis - ser Gluth fühlst wah - re Lieb' für mich! Ob du in treu - er heis - ser Gluth fühl'

Dass ich in treu - er heis - ser Gluth fühl wah - re Lieb' für dich! Dass ich in treu - er heis - ser Gluth fühl'

dol. *fp*

Piu Andante.

Love sits on its throne. Ah!..... Love like this will ban- ish sor - row! Ah!..
te di vi de ro a..... si la bel - la fio - ren - ti - na.... a..
wah - re Lieb für mich! Ah!..... Wir verschmäh'n nicht sauf- te Trie - be;... Ah!..

wah - re Lieb für dich! Such is Love! Such is Love! Love will ban- ish sor - row?
E pur ver, e pur ver, che la fio - ren - ti - na....
Treu und wahr, treu und wahr, Ihr ver- schmäht die Trie - be;....

cres. *fp* *affrettando.*

..... It will bring a glad to - mor- row! Ah!..... Let us
..... *sembra cru - da sen - za cou - re, a..... un sor-*
..... und wir ken - nen wohl die Lie - be! Ah!..... Doch ein

Such is Love! Such is Love! If it lives in the heart! Holy Love! Constant Love!
al parer, al parer, sembra sen - za cou - re, un sospir, un sos- pir,
treu und wahr, treu und wahr, bleibet mei - ne Lie - be! Ach dein Blick, giebt mir Glück,

p *fp*

Allegretto.

sing Love's song to - geth - er,.... "fi - ru - lin, fi - ru - lin, fi - ru - le - ra," We'll sing the song of
- *riso un oc - chia ti - na.... "fi - ru - lin, fi - ru - lin, fi - ru - le - ra," l'in fiamma al dolce a-*
Blik, ein schmachtend Lä - cheln,.. "fi - ru - lin, fi - ru - lin, fi - ru - le - ra," bringt mir nicht gleich Ge-

Now let us sing to - geth- er,.... "fi - ru - lin, fi - ru- lin, fi - ru - le - ra," We'll sing the song of
una dol - ce occhia - ti - na.... "fi - ru - lin, fi - ru- lin, fi - ru - le - ra," l'in fiamma al dolce a-
Mich be - see-ligt dein Lä - cheln... "fi - ru - lin, fi - ru - lin, fi - ru - le - ra," dich lieb' ich im - mer -

p *cres.*

Love!.... "fi - ru - lin, fi - ru - lin, fi - ru - le - ra," We'll sing the song of Love!
- *mor,..... "fi - ru - lin, fi - ru - lin, fi - ru - le - ra," l'in fiamma al dolce a- mor!*
- fahr,..... "fi - ru - lin, fi - ru - lin, fi - ru - le - ra," bringt mir nicht gleich Ge- fahr!

- dar,..... "fi - ru - lin, fi - ru - lin, fi - ru - le - ra," dich lieb' ich im- mer - dar!

sfz *f*

tr

Exit Boccaccio *and* Fiametta.

[*Enter* PERON *and* LAMB.]

LAMB. The Duke has decorated me! Oh, what honor!

PERON. And the Duke called me his old girl. (*Enter* SCALZA.)

SCALZA. (*To* LAMB.) I want you to assist us in getting Boccaccio banished. (*Enter* ISABELLA, BEATRICE, *and* LOTTER.)

LAMB. Sorry, but I can't! The court now protects him, and I am loyal to the Court.

SCALZA. Ah! I see. Well, coopers are getting aristocratic. Why doesn't the Duke honor *me!* (*Enter* BOCC.)

LAMB. (*Aside.*) That simpleton!

BEATRICE. (*Aside.*) The student!

ISAB. (*Aside.*) 'Tis Boccaccio!

SCALZA. It is Boccaccio!

LOTTER. What? Boccaccio?

PERON. Yes; it is Boccaccio!

BOCC. Yes; I'm Boccaccio! I am pleased to meet you all!

BEA. You'll find us friends, cavalier.

SCALZA. (*Aside.*) Nothing of the kind!

ISAB. (*Aside.*) A fine cavalier!

LAMB. (*To* SCALZA *and* LOTTER.) Beware! Treat him respectfully.

LOTTER (*To* LAMB.) He is a coward! He has attacked us!

LAMB (*Aside to* LOTTER.) He has insulted us.

LOTTER *and* LAMB. He has insulted us. Let us force him to retract.

BOCC. (*To* LOTTER *and* LAMB.) What is the matter, gentlemen?

LOTTER *and* LAMB. We belong to the opposition.

BOCC Oh! Indeed!

BEA. (*Sarcastically.*) Oh, they are all good, sober, industrious men and therefore took offence at your novels!

BOCC. Ah, I see! But novels aside. Sink the shop. I am arranging a play for performance at the festival, and I want actors.

SCALZA. Actors?

LOTTER. Marionettes?

BOCC. Not dummies! You will not do!

SCALZA. (*To* LOTTER.) Is he making fun of us?

LOTTER. (*To* SCALZA.) Oh, no! He means it for politeness!

LAMB. (*To* LOTTER.) Not a word! Boccaccio is able to get you appointed Court cooper of Sicily.

LOTTER. Is it possible?

LAMB. (*To* SCALZA.) A word from Boccaccio will make you Court barber!

SCALZA. Indeed?

BOCC. (*To* LOTTER., LAMB., *and* SCALZA.) Will you take part in the dramatic representation?

LOTTER. We are all ready!

BOCC. Alas! *dear* friends, you have hated Boccaccio. You must not despise the man for the idea he represents.

YOU THOUGHTLESS, BLIND, AND SILLY MEN.

Beatrice, Isabella, Peronella, Boccaccio, Lotteringhi, Lambertuccio, Scalza.

No. 19. SEPTETT.

Marziale.

BOCCACCIO.

You thoughtless, blind, and sil - ly men, your spite against me is

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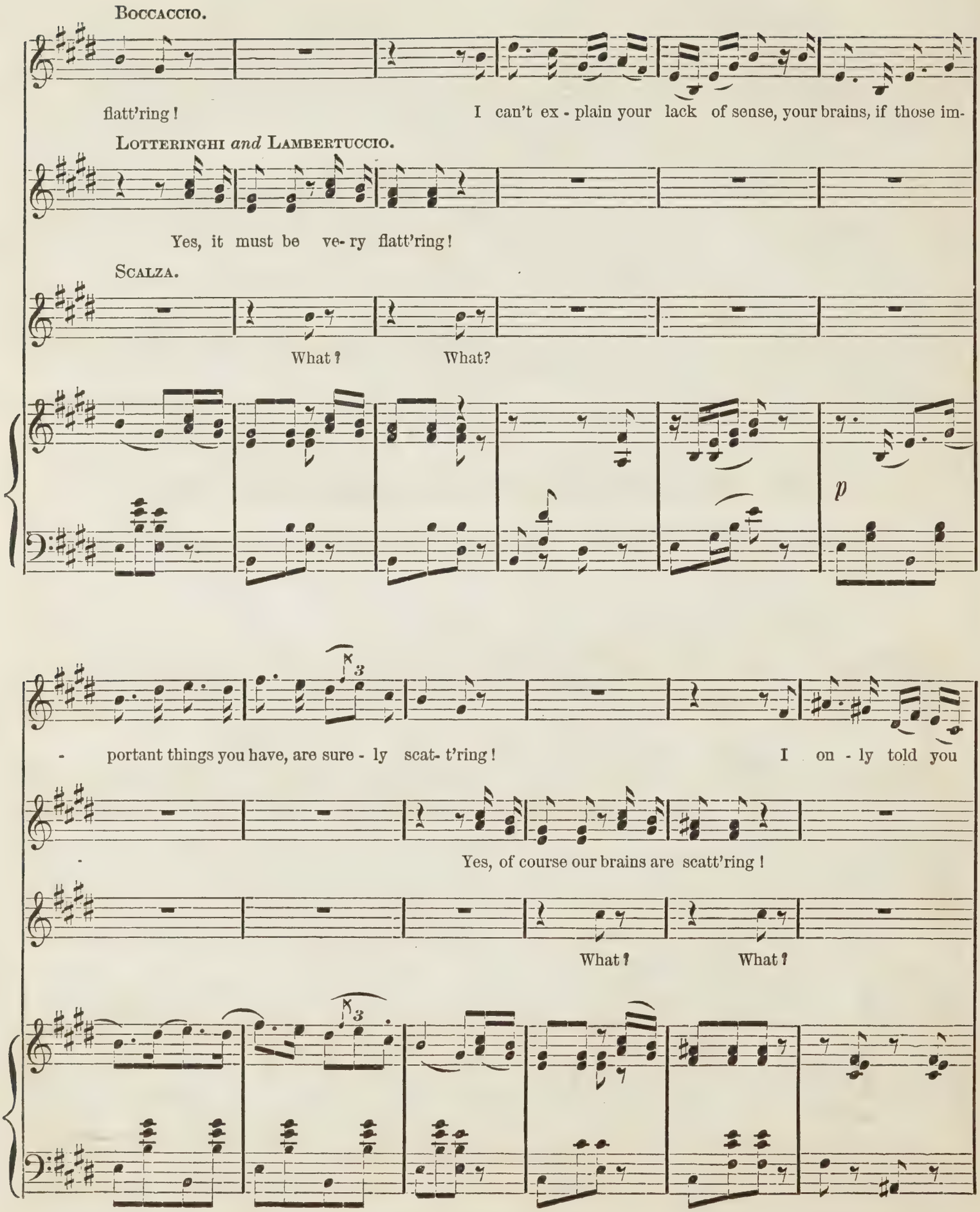

Boccaccio.
flatt'ring!
I can't ex - plain your lack of sense, your brains, if those im-
Lotteringhi and Lambertuccio.
Yes, it must be ve- ry flatt'ring!
Scalza.
What?
What?
p
- portant things you have, are sure - ly scat- t'ring!
I on - ly told you
Yes, of course our brains are scatt'ring!
What?
What?

what was true! What ar- rant hyp- ocrites are you!

SCALZA, *Solo.*

We tho't Boccaccio was a knave, a scoundrel, good-for-nothing

sfz

You know you never tell the truth! My tales a

LAMBERTUCCIO, *Solo.*

He is as cunning as a fox, as treacherous and danger - ous is he!

mean young scamp

sfz

sfz

- bound in sen- ti - ment!

And tho' the tales sound dreadful-

LOTTERINGHI *Solo.*

Who- ev- er tells the truth is sure to make so ve - ry ma- ny en - e - mies!

sfz *p*

BEATRICE.

Serves you right, you foolish fellows! Serves you right, you foolish fellows!

ISABELLA.

Serves you right, you foolish fellows, Serves you right, you foolish fellows!

PERONELLA.

Serves you right, you foolish fellows, Serves you right, you foolish fellows!

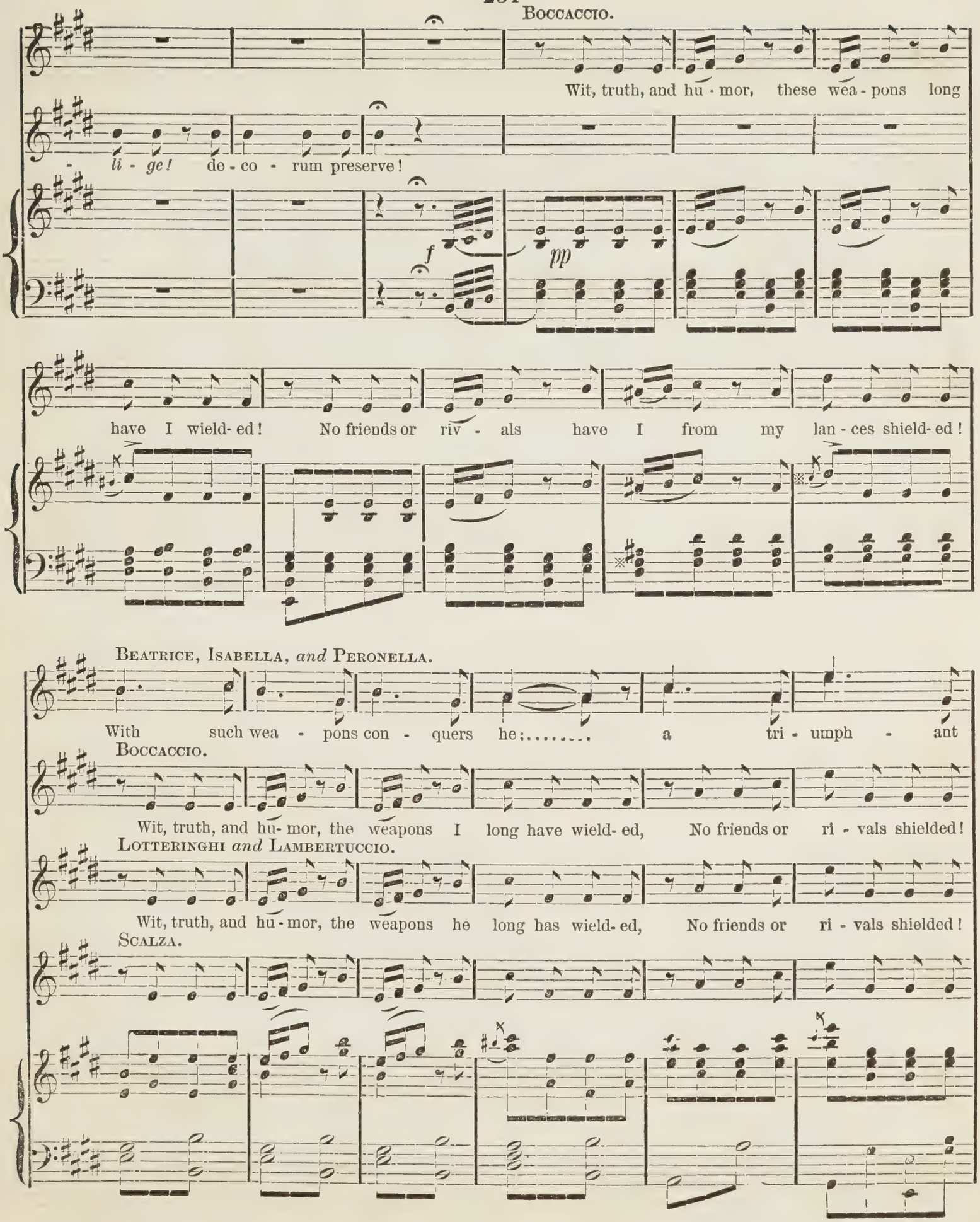
BOCCACCIO.

- ly to you, I do no lies invent!

LAMBERTUCCIO, *Solo.*

No - blesse ob-

p


Boccaccio.
Wit, truth, and hu - mor, these wea - pons long
- li - ge! de - co - rum preserve!
f
pp
have I wield- ed! No friends or riv - als have I from my lan - ces shield- ed!
Beatrice, Isabella, and Peronella.
With such wea - pons con - quers he:..... a tri - umph - ant
Boccaccio.
Wit, truth, and hu- mor, the weapons I long have wield- ed, No friends or ri - vals shielded!
Lotteringhi and Lambertuccio.
Wit, truth, and hu - mor, the weapons he long has wield- ed, No friends or ri - vals shielded!
Scalza.

vic - to - ry! Such is Ge - - - nius! Such is Wit! How these men are by

What vic - to - ry! Such is Ge - - - nius! Such is Wit! How these men are by

What vic - to - ry! Such is Genius! Such is Wit! How we by the truth were bad-ly hit! We

truth..... so bad - ly hit! But the man who can laugh..... doth wis-dom

truth..... so bad - ly hit! But the man who can laugh..... doth wis - dom

did not like the truth, you know, As told us by Boc- cac- ci - o! Although it made us ill at ease, His truth

show, ... So let's laugh with Boc - - cac - - ci - - o! Such is

show, ... Therefore laugh with Boc - - cac - - ci - - o! Such is

did all the ladies please, So now we'll laugh, Ha! ha! ho! ho! We'll laugh with you, Boccac-ci - o!

Ge - - - - - nius, such is wit! How these men were by Truth..... so bad - ly

Ge - - - - - nius, such is wit! How these men were by Truth..... so bad - ly

Such is Genius, such is wit! How we men by Truth were bad - ly hit! We did not like the Truth, you know, as

hit! Yet the man who can laugh,..... Doth wis - dom show,..... So let's laugh

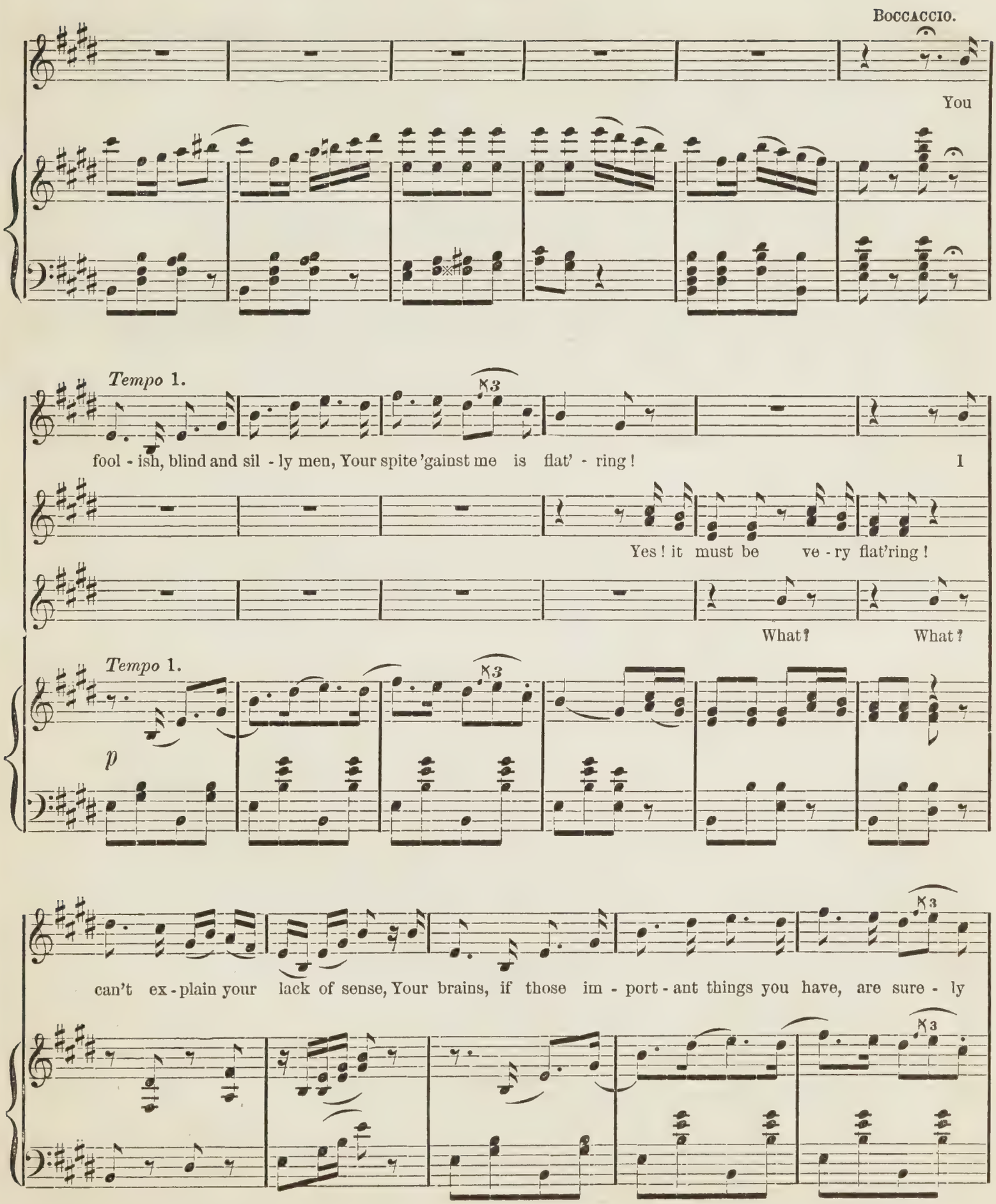
hit! Yet the man who can laugh,..... Doth wis - dom show,..... So pray laugh

told by Boc-cac - ci - o! Altho' it placed us ill at ease, His Truth did all the women please! So now we'll

with Boc - - cac - - ci - - o!

with Boc - - cac - - ci - - o!

laugh! Ha! ha! Ho! ho! We'll laugh now with Boc - cac - ci - o!


Boccaccio.
You
Tempo 1.
fool - ish, blind and sil - ly men, Your spite 'gainst me is flat' - ring!
I
Yes! it must be ve - ry flat'ring!
What? What?
Tempo 1.
p
can't ex - plain your lack of sense, Your brains, if those im - port - ant things you have, are sure - ly

Bocc.

scat' - ring! I simp - ly told you what was true! What arrant

Lot. Lam.

Yes! of course our brains are scat'ring!

Scal.

What? What?

sfz

Bocc.

hypocrites are you! You know you nev - er tell the

Scalza.

We thought Boccaccio was a knave, a scoundrel, good-for-nothing fel - low!

sfz

truth! My tales a - bound in sen - ti -

Lamb.

He is as cunning as a fox, As treacherous and danger - ous is he!

sfz

Bocc.

- ment! And tho' my tales sound dreadful - ly to you, I

Lotteringhi.

Who- ev- er tells the Truth, is sure to make so ve - ry ma-ny en - e - mies!

p

Bea. Isa.

Serves you right, you foolish fellows! Serves you right, you foolish fellows!

Peron.

Serves you right, you foolish fellows! Serves you right, you foolish fellows!

Bocc.

do no lies in - vent!

Lamb.

No - blesse ob -

p

Boccaccio.

Ben marcato con anima.

Wit, Truth and Hu- mor, these weapons long

- *li - ge!* De - co - rum pre - serve!

Ben marcato con anima.

pp

With such

With such

Bocc.

have I wielded, No friends nor ri - vals from my lanc - - es have I shielded! Wit, Truth and

Lotter. Lamb.

Wit, Truth and

Scalza.

Wit, Truth and

weap - ons con - quers he!.... A tri - umph - - - ant vic - - - to - ry!

weap - ons con - quers he!.... A tri - umph - - - ant vic - - - to - ry!

Hu - mor, the weapons I long have wielded, No friends nor ri - vals shielded! What vic - to - ry!

Hu - mor, the weapons he long has wielded, No friends nor ri - vals shielded! What vic - to - ry!

A great vic - to - ry!

A great vic - to - ry!

p

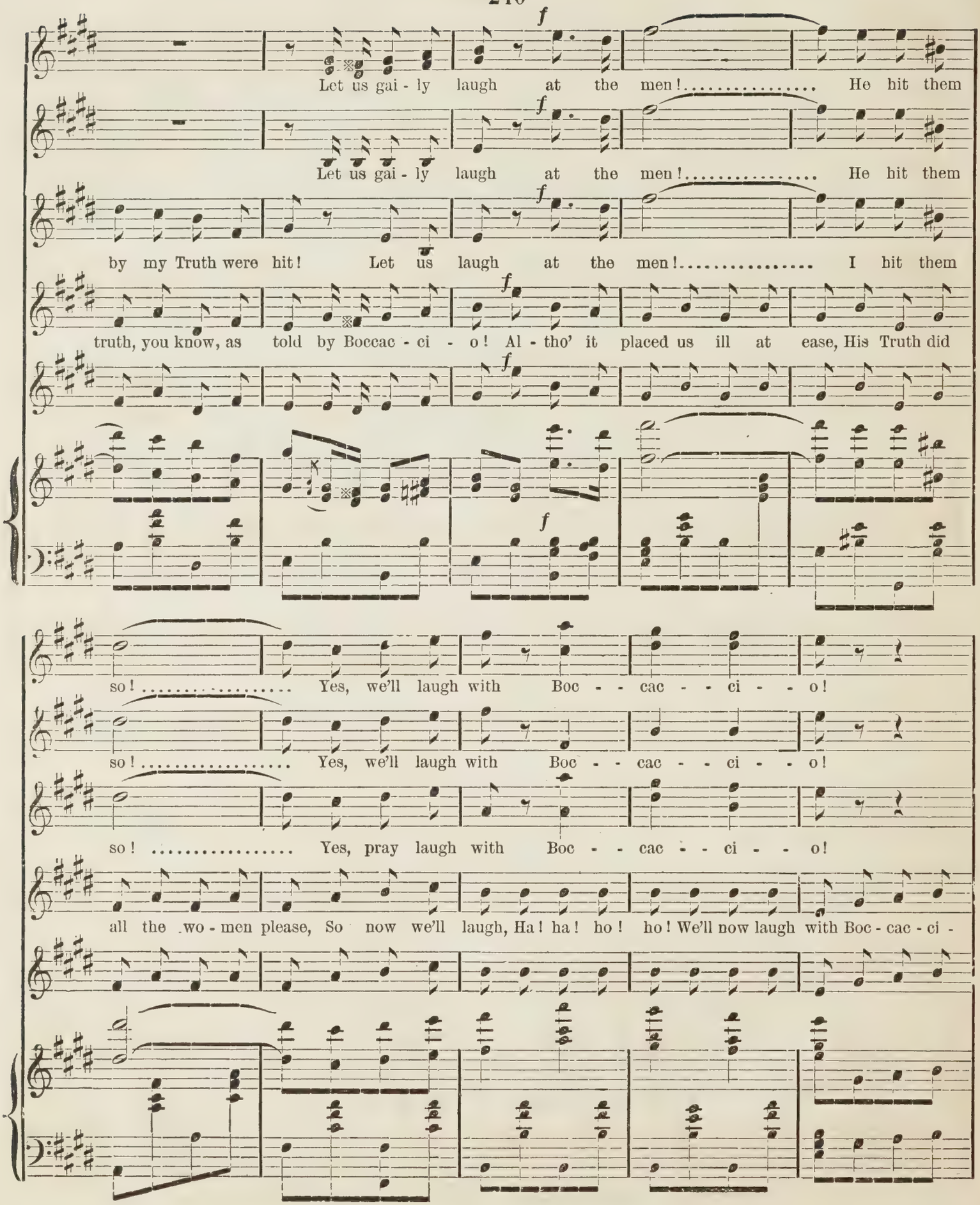
Such is Ge - - - - - - nius, such is wit! How the poor guil - ty men

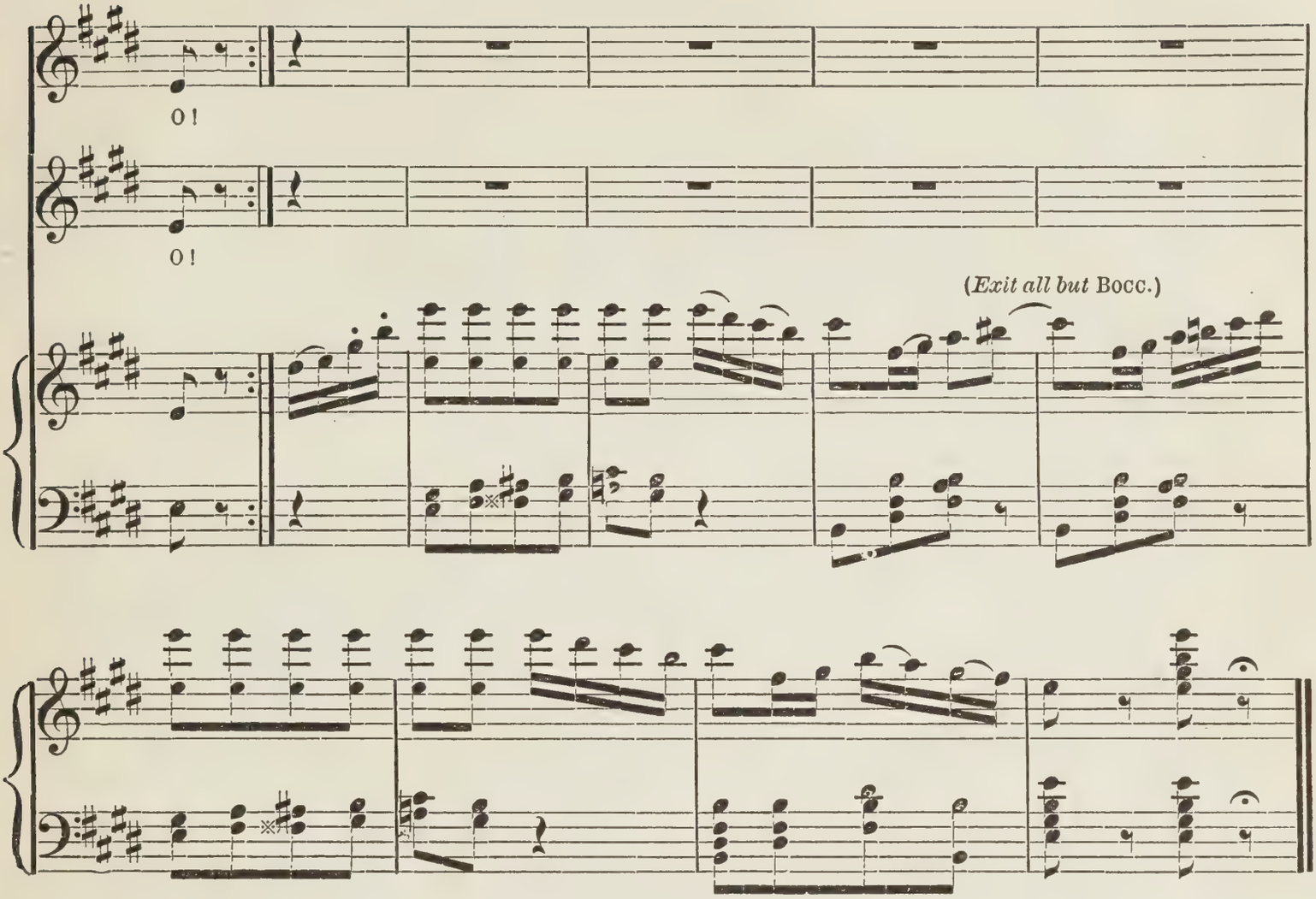
p

Such is Genius, such is wit! How we men by Truth were bad - ly hit! We did not like the

p

pp


Let us gai - ly laugh at the men! ..... He hit them
Let us gai - ly laugh at the men! ..... He hit them
by my Truth were hit! Let us laugh at the men! ..... I hit them
truth, you know, as told by Boccac - ci - o! Al - tho' it placed us ill at ease, His Truth did
so! ..... Yes, we'll laugh with Boc - - cac - - ci - - o!
so! ..... Yes, we'll laugh with Boc - - cac - - ci - - o!
so! ..... Yes, pray laugh with Boc - - cac - - ci - - o!
all the wo - men please, So now we'll laugh, Ha! ha! ho! ho! We'll now laugh with Boc - cac - ci -



Bocc. (*Aside.*) Ah, you will never understand me. I do not care. You will serve my purpose, to-day. Here comes Pietro. (*Enter* Pietro.)

Pietro. My dear Boccaccio, we are all prepared for your comedy.

Bocc. It is all ready. This contains full directions.

Pietro. (*To* Bocc.) Is your play funny?

Bocc. I think you will find it so!

Pietro. Ah, there comes a charming lady!

Bocc. Fiametta?

Pietro. No; Isabella. (*Enter* Isabella, Pietro *kisses her hand.*)

[*Enter* Beatrice *and* Peron.]

Bea. Why, the Prince kisses Isabella's hand!

Peron. Court custom!

Pietro. (*To* Ladies.) You are all quite welcome to the entertainment. I take pleasure in surrounding myself with the most lovely ladies!

Peron. Oh, we are charmed! (*Enter* Leon *and* Students.)

Tofano. Ah, Boccaccio?

Students. (*To* Bocc.) So you are here, Boccaccio? (*To* Pietro.) Your Highness!

Pietro. Welcome all!

Leon. (*To* Bocc.) I have great news for you.

Bocc. For me?

Leon. You have been appointed a Professor of the University of Florence for your interpretation of the "Divine Comedy" of Dante. We came to bring you the news.

Bocc. What honor! (*Enter all the principals.*)

Pietro. You deserve it! Boccaccio, I congratulate you! You sing the praise of Love in your poems most nobly. (*Enter* Chorus.) (*To guests.*) Welcome all!

Bocc. Ladies and gentlemen, I trust you will enjoy the little comedy I have prepared. There is, I hope, a moral to the play.

Pietro. May I see the text ere you begin?

Bocc. At your command, noble Prince!

Pietro. (*Aside.*) What is this? (*Reads.*) "*Narcissino*, or the Flirtations of a Stranger with *Columbine*, a lovely Florentine." What does this mean? My own adventures? My wooing of Isabella? (*Aloud to* Bocc.) What does this mean, Boccaccio?

Bocc. (*To* Pietro.) Your Highness, I thought that if I could but let you look within my mirror and see your follies reflected there, you would relinquish the hand of Fiametta, whom you admit you do not love, to me. I have long loved her, and she loves me. (*Aloud.*) Shall the play go on?

Pietro. No. You have dared to show that even a prince is but human, and has his faults; but which he is full determined hereafter to amend. Take Fiametta, and be happy! I deserve your rebuke!

Bocc. But the Duke?

Fiam. I will obtain his consent!

Pietro. And I will obey my father only when he is in the right.

Bocc. This shall be my last practical joke!

WIT, TRUTH, AND HUMOR.

No. 20. FINALE.

Allegro non brio. M.M. ♩= 88.

BOCCACCIO.

Wit, truth, and hum - or, these weapons long

f *p*

have I wield - ed; No friends nor riv - als from my lanc - es have I shield - ed!

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FIAM. BEA. ISAB. PERON.

Wit, truth, and humor, these weapons long has he wielded; And no friends has he shielded. What vic - to -

BOCCACCIO.

Wit, truth, and humor, these weapons long have I wielded; And no friends have I shielded. What vic - to -

LOTTER. LAMB. SCAL. PIETRO.

Wit, truth, and humor, these weapons long has he wielded; And no friends has he shielded. What vic - to -

Wit and hu - mor has he wield - ed; And no friends has shield - ed.

LEONETTO. *col Tenor.*

Wit and hu - mor has he wield - ed; And no friends has shield - ed.

MAGGIOR. *col Bass.*

Wit and hu - mor has he wield - ed; And no friends has shield - ed.

-ry! Such is ge - - - nius! such is wit! Ha! ha! ha! men were hit!..... ..... Hit by his

-ry! Such is ge - - - nius! such is wit! Ha! ha! ha! men were hit!..... With Truth I

-ry! Such is genius! such is wit! All the men by truth were badly hit! We did not like the truth, you know As

Yes! Such is ge - - - - nius! such is wit! By his shafts of wit we were hit!..... Hit by his

Yes! Such is genius! By his wit we were hit! By wit we were hit! By his shafts of

Yes! Such the auth - or's wit! They were hit by it! They were hit by his

ff

ff

wit! Ha! ha! ha! If you laugh..... you wisdom show,..... So, let's laugh with Boc-

hit! Ha! ha! ha! If you laugh..... you wisdom show,.... ..... So, pray laugh with Boc-

told by Boc-cac-ci - o! Al - tho' it placed us ill at ease, His truth did all the women please, So, let us laugh, ha, ha, ho,

wit! And the man who laughs doth great wis - - - dom show! Let us ..... now all laugh with Boc-

wit! Yet the man who laughs doth wis - - - dom show!..... Let us laugh with Boc-

wit! Yet the man who laughs doth wis - - - dom show, Laugh with Boc-

8va

-cac - ci - o! Truth, and wit, now we know, Taught by Boc - cac - - - ci - - o!

-cac - ci - o! Truth, and wit, now we know, Taught by Boc - cac - - - ci - - o!

ho! with Boccaccio! Truth, and wit, now we know, Taught by Boc - cac - - - ci - - o!

-cac - ci - o! Truth, and wit, now we know, Taught by Boc - cac - - - ci - - o!

-cac - ci - o! Truth, and wit, now we know, Taught by Boc - cac - - - ci - - o!

-cac - ci - o! Truth, and wit, now we know, Taught us by Boc - cac - ci - - o!

8va

Ped.

BINDING SECT. AUG 12 [illegible]

M
1503
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Music

Suppé, Franz von
[Boccaccio. Piano-vocal
score. English]
Boccaccio

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